



PRICE ONE SHILLING

JOHN RYLAND
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

the **Samples of**
LANCASHIRE
PROSE & VERSE



MANCHESTER: ABEL HEYWOOD & SON
LTD.

 • LONDON • 
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO. LD.

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON'S
SERIES OF

DRAMAS FOR AMATEURS

SEASON 1929-30.

Price Threepence each, post paid 4d.

404 Love Among the Tea Leaves BY MARGARET ALD.

LANCASHIRE DIALECT SOCIETY COLLECTION



MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

"The Beauty Parlour." Two Boys, Three Girls.

A really funny comedy farce, suitable for semi-grown-ups. All good character parts

"Peter and Polly." Three Boys, One Girl.

A charming Christmas sketch; effective yet easy to stage. Suit young players.

"Muffins and Crumpets." One Boy, One Girl.

Unique and amusing dialogue, quite within the scope of very tiny players. A sure success.

Catalogues sent post free on receipt of stamp.

Abel Heywood & Son Ltd., 47-61 Lever St., Manchester.

visit to her old
a lunatic asylum
pathos, until the

OSSEY.

30 mins.
prise, the maid
r story.
nent.

7.

only Mary, the
"Miss Proper"
right young lady
Her plot works
her own sweet-

ne Act.

iness rehearsing.
a great aversion
ece, to the great

of eighteen.

id audience.
sk, and is taken

e caretaker, one
ers.

e Act.

ather favours, is
ceeds to bribe a
s to rush to the
, a real escaped

HEYWOOD'S SAMPLES
OF
LANCASHIRE LITERATURE
IN
PROSE AND VERSE.

*From the Works of Edwin Waugh, Samuel Laycock,
Uncle Owdem, J. T. Staton, James Barnes, &c.*



MANCHESTER:
ABEL HEYWOOD & SON LTD., 47 TO 61 LEVER STREET.

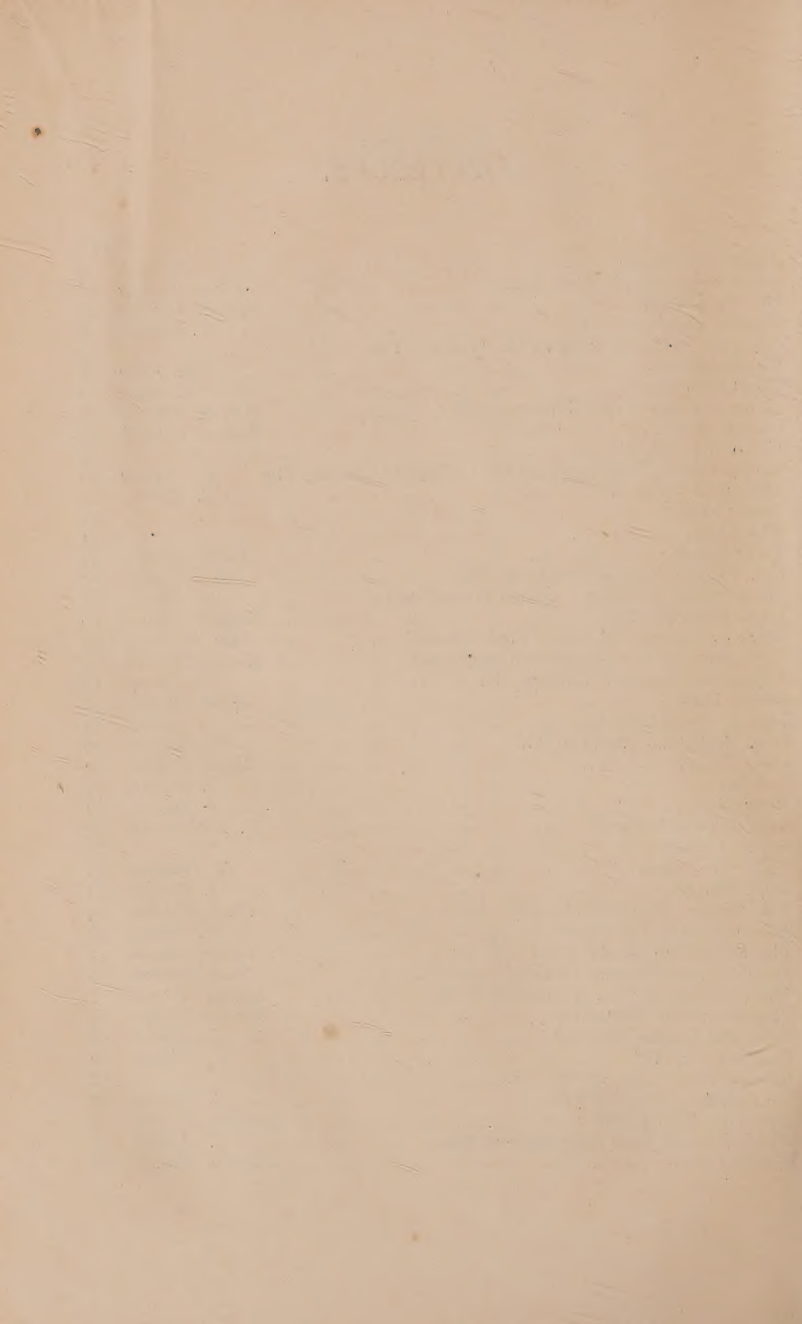
LONDON:
SIMPKIN MARSHALL LIMITED.

QC 56013



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Ale <i>versus</i> Physic	<i>Ridings</i> 14
Aw'll Never Be Fuddled Again	<i>Uncle Owdem</i> 11
Bowton's Yard	<i>Samuel Laycock</i> 24
Butcher's Dowter, The	<i>W. Gaskell</i> 98
Chap ut Wanted to Manage th' Heauso, The 23
Cheap John	<i>Felix Folio</i> 28
Courtin' Gradely	<i>Tom Kershaw</i> 77
Come Whoam to thi Childer an' Me	<i>Edwin Waugh</i> 26
Conger Story, A	<i>Edwin Waugh</i> 33
Cot o' Yo'r Own, A 79
Countryman s Description of the Collegiate Church, The	<i>A. Wilson</i> 82
Dule upo' Dun, The	<i>J. Barnes</i> 19
Dust to Dust 61
Eawr Jack 31
Eawr Ralph	<i>Uncle Owdem</i> 47
Go, Tak' thi Ragg'd Childer an' Flit	<i>Ben Brierley</i> 27
How "Owd Thatcher" turned Horse Dealer	<i>J. Barnes</i> 69
Irish Fishwife, The	<i>Edwin Waugh</i> 16
Isaac an' Jenny, "A Wife's First Lesson"	<i>Tom Kershaw</i> 67
Joe's Adventure in Rochdale Churchyard	<i>Edwin Waugh</i> 85
Lancashire Barber i' Lunnun, Th'	<i>J. Barnes</i> 15
Little Dick	<i>Uncle Owdem</i> 42
Milisho Company, A... <i>Staton</i> 53
Owd Beggar an' his Dog, Th' <i>H. Gannon</i> 50
Owd Times	<i>Uncle Owdem</i> 62
Puzzled	<i>J. Barnes</i> 32
Rosy Ned <i>J. Barnes</i> 73
Sam Bamford's Grave	<i>G. Richardson</i> 80
Seein' Double 78
Sellin' th' Goose	<i>H. Gannon</i> 75
Slate Off, A <i>J. Barnes</i> 63
Tale Abeawt Mi Uncle Jammie, A... ..	<i>Uncle Owdem</i> 35
Tale of a Felly aw Know, A <i>R. Pollitt</i> 49
The Load from off my Mind is Ta'en	<i>Uncle Owdem</i> 51
Thae'rt Come Whoam Fuddled Again	<i>Uncle Owdem</i> 10
The Nomination; or, A Striking Story... ..	<i>Edwin Waugh</i> 7
The Swallowed Sixpence... ..	<i>Edwin Waugh</i> 44
Toffy and Cheese Story, A <i>J. Barnes</i> 38
Toothwertch, Th' <i>Staton</i> 12
Two or Three Last Words 12
We Couldno' Stond it Neaw <i>J. Barnes</i> 83
Welcome, Bonny Brid	<i>Samuel Laycock</i> 5
When Yo' Get Yore Nose Shoved Eawt <i>T. Ashton</i> 35
Will'y's Grave	<i>Edwin Waugh</i> 58





LANCASHIRE PROSE AND VERSE.

WELCOME, BONNY BRID.

BY SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

(Revised by the Author.)

THA'RT welcome, little bonny brid,
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha did,
Times are bad,
We're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe,
But that, of course, tha didn't know.
Did ta, lad?

Aw've often yerd mi feyther tell,
'At when aw coom i' th' world misel',
Trade wur slack.
An' neaw it's hard work pooin' throo;
But aw mustn't blame thee -iv aw do.
Tha'll go back.

Cheer up! these times 'll alter soon;
Aw'm goin' to buy another spoon —
One for thee.

An. as tha's sich a pratty face,
Aw'll let thee have eawr Charley's place,
On mi knee.

God bless thee, love ! awm fain tha'rt come ;
 So try an' mak' thisel a-whom ;—

Here's thi nest.

Tha'rt like thi mother to a tee,
 But tha's thi feyther s nose, aw see,
 Well, awm blest !

Come, come, tha needn't look so shy,
 Aw am no' vexed nor nowt, not I ;
 Settle deawn,
 An' tak' this haupney for thisel ;
 There's lots o' sugar-sticks to sell,
 Deawn i' th' teawn.

Aw know when aw first coom to th' leet,
 Aw're fond o' owt 'ut tasted sweet ;
 Tha'll be th' same.
 But come, tha's never tow'd thi dad
 What he s to co' his little lad ;—
 What's thi name ?

Hush ! hush ! tha mustn't cry this way,
 But get this sope o' cinder tay
 While it's warm.
 Mi mother used to give it me,
 When aw wur such a lad as thee,
 In her arm.

Hush-a-babby, hush-a-be,
 Oh, what a temper ! dear a-me,
 Heaw tha skrikes !
 Here's a bit o' sugar, sithee ;
 Howd thi noise, an' then aw'll gie thee
 Owt tha likes.

We've nobbut gotten coarsish fare,
 But eaut o' this tha'll get thi share,
 Never fear.
 Aw hope tha'll never want a meal,
 But allis fill thi bally weel,
 While tha'rt here.

This feyther's noan been wed so long,
 An' yet tha sees he's middlin' throng,
 Wi' yo' o' !
 Besides thi little brother Ted,
 We've two upsteers asleep i' bed,—
 Bob an' Joe.

But tho' we've childer two or three,
 We'll mak a bit o' reawm for thee ;
 Bless thee, lad !
 Tha'rt th' prattiest brid we have i' th' nest,
 So hutch up closer to mi breast.
 Awm thi dad !

THE NOMINATION.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

A T the close of one of the old elections in Manchester I sat at my window, in the market-place, watching the fall of a shower of rain. The stall-keepers had crept under the roofs of their sheds, and people stood in the doorways, shaking the wet from their clothing. The street was very still for a few minutes. Anon there came trickling round the corner a man with a woeful countenance. He was a little, square-built fellow, very poorly dressed. He looked like a hanger-on at some public-house, ready to do any kind of odd jobs for drink and broken meat. One side of his face was covered with plaster, and his neck was swathed in a dirty woollen tie. He was working his passage along the opposite side of the street, with his hand upon his cheek, when a voice from below my window arrested his progress.

"Heigh, Joe—come in here, mon; thae'll be drown't! Arto hawkin' rain-wayter or some'at? Come in here! Thou looks like a two-legged dish-clout!"

He halted, and came slowly across into shelter.

His friend looked very hard at him, and then said, "By th' mon, owd lad, thou'rt wonderfully alter't! I should never ha' known thi but for that wart at thi nose-end! What's to do wi' thi face? It looks terrible side-heavy."

"Oh," replied he, speaking out of the corner of his mouth, "it's eawt o' flunters a bit—that's o'."

"Ay; an' so it is, bi th' look on't," said his friend. "What ails it?"

"Well—I co' it 'Nomination.'"

"Nomination! What's that? Aw thought thae'd gotten th' tooth-warche."

"Well, an' I have gotten th' tooth-warche, aboon a bit. But then I haven't quite as many teeth as I had last Monday—that's one comfort. Th' best o' my teeth o' went that day. I'd one grand owd buck-tooth—it wur as big as a piano-keigh, very near—I wouldn't ha' lost that tooth for a sovereign—but it went. I dar say somebody's made it into a chimbley ornament, or else a hondle for an umbrell. I lost about nine on 'em o' together; an' thoose 'at's left are

wamblin' about like chips in a ponfull o' warp sızin'. It'll be a good while afore my teeth getten saddle't again. If thou yers of onybody that's fun a lot o' fine teeth—they're mine!"

"Well," said his friend, "I'm sorry to yer it, owd lad; willto have a bite o' moufin?"

"Moufin?" replied he. "Nawe; I'll ha' noan. Thae'd never ha' axed me that, if my teeth had bin reet."

"Well, but thou'rt welcome, if thou'll have a bit."

"Nay; aw'm livin' o' spoon-meight at present."

"Oh, aw see. . . . Well, an' how wur it done? Didto run again summat?"

"Nawe; it ran again *me*."

"Wur it a cart?"

"Nawe."

"What then?"

"It wur a breek."

"Oh!"

"I said 'Oh!' too, at th' time."

"Well, an' heaw wur it? Thou might tell a body."

"Well," replied he, "if thy mouth wur like mine, thae wouldn't want to cample so mich. But aw'll tell tho as weel as I con. . . . It wur done o' th' nomination day. I let of a rook o' chaps gooin' down to see th' row, an' I thought I'd go too, an' give a bit of a skrike for summat or another, among th' lot. An' a bonny hullabaloo it wur. Aw geet ram-jam into th' middle, wi' my elbow in an owd woman's ear-hole, an' I couldn't get it out again noather. Th' owd lass kept cryin' out, 'Maister; tak yo'r elbow out o' mi ear-hole, win yo! I'm deeof enough without yo pluggin' me up o' that road! Tak it out, I tell yo! Yo'n ha' to pay rent for that ear-hole, if yo stoppen much longer!' . . . But there it wur, an' there it had to stop, for noather her nor me could stir a peg. . . . Well, they olez say'n there's th' most thrutchin' wheer there's least reawm; an' it wur so theer, by th' mon! First one lot sheawted, an' then another lot sheawted; an' I did my share, for I sheawted every time onybody else sheawted—so I couldn't get far wrang. Thea knows, I thought it wur o' getten up for a spree. . . . Well, after th' chaps upo' th' platform had palavert an' co'ed (called) one another too ill to brun, thoose that wur down i' th' front began o' snow-bo'in' one another, wi' breesks

an' stones, an' ony mak o' stuff 'ot coom th' first. Well, thae knows, aw use't to be a rare hond at cloddin' when aw're a lad, so that suited me to a tee, an' I flang a two-thre (two or three) oddments mysel', for I began to feel as if it wur a fuut-bo' match, or summat. An' every time I chuckt a lump, I stood o' my tippy-toes to see where it let (alighted). An' it's a rare gam, too—as lung as a body doesn't get hit theirsel'. . . . But that mak' o' wark doesn't onswer lung wheer there's a good lot o' folk abeawt. . . . Aw dropt in for't in a bit. . . . I'd nobbut bin a sleepin' partner i' that consarn for a good while, but they wakken't me up o' at once. . . . I'd just 'livert (delivered) a hondful o' slutch, that let in a chap's neck-hole that stood upo' th' platform, an' aw're clappin' my honds an' co'in' eawt, 'Here, here!' to summat or another—for I couldn't yer a word 'at noan on 'em said—when a hauve-breek coom wusk again my chops! . . . I began o' mindin' my own business at after that breek let. I'd quite a different way o' lookin' at things for a minute or two. I sent no more parcels out. My een stroke fire! I seed Solomon's Temple, an' o' his glory! Folk thought I wur wrang i' my yed! An' I wur, too—rayther! I took no moor notice o' their speeches. Th' election wur o'er—as far as I wur consarn't. That breek wur a plumper. . . . Folk kept sayin', 'What's to do wi' that chap?' An' then I yerd another say, 'Somebody's bin joggin' his memory.' . . . But I'd had enough. . . . I don't know who's gotten in to this day—an' I don't care. My mother use't to say, 'It'll come to tho, yet—mind if it doesn't!' An' it *has* come'd. It coom o' Monday. At after that breek let, I don't believe I said another word, nobbut 'O, my!' an' I began o' feelin' as if I didn't care so much abeawt stoppin' theer ony lunger, so I pike't off wi my yed deawn, for bits o' hard stuff kept flyin' up an' deawn, thick an' three-fowd, like kest-iron pigeons. I geet whoam o' someheaw; an' I've made up my mind to ha' nought no moor to do wi' noan o' their elections wheer they begin o' tally-graftin' wi' brecks. That's the end o' my nomination do! . . . Well, thae knows, Joe, I'm nobbut a poor hond at music; but my yed's bin agate o' singin' ever sin that day!"

THAE'RT COME WHOAM FUDDLED AGAIN.

BY "UNCLE OWDEM."

E H! Tummus, theaw'rt come whoam again,
 So fuddled theaw hardly con stond;
 Just look at eawr little son Ben;
 He wants to get howl o' thy hond.
 Neaw, i' n't he a nice little lad,
 A good little lad, too, he'd be,
 If he'd a reet soart ov a dad
 To ta' care o' him an' o' me.

Theaw knows quite as weel as mysel',
 It's time we should send him to schoo',
 To larn for to read an' to spell,
 Yet theaw wears thy brass like a foo',
 We ha' not a meawthful o' mate,
 An' th' lonlort is nobbo' just gone;
 He says that no longer he'll wait
 For his rent, bur'll drive us fro' whoam.

When theaw laves thi wark theaw mun sup,
 So theaw coze at th' Arrow an' Bow!"
 An' neet after neet aw've stopped up,
 When theaw's never come whoam at o'.
 Thi mester has bin here to-day;
 He says he shall bag thee to-neet;
 So, Tummus, lad, do keep away,
 An' try to be sober and reet.

When fust theaw begun for to drink,
 Aw talked to thee day after day;
 Heaw sorry theaw used t' be—just think!
 Oych time theaw'd bin gooin' astray.
 But neaw, sin' theaw'rt very mich wur,
 Theaw taes no moar notice o' me;
 Aw met as weel talk to a dur,
 As t' think o' persuadin' o' thee.

Neaw, Tummus, on th' day wi were wed.
 An' aw gan thee my heart an' my hond,
 Theaw knows very weel 'at theaw said,
 "Theaw's be th' happiest woman i' th' lond,"
 Aw cannot tell what aw mun do;
 An' often aw've sit deawn an' skrieked,
 To think theaw should be sich a foo',
 When once, too, theaw wert so weel liked.

Theaw could give o'er, aw know, if theaw'd try
 For a mon con do owt if he will;
 If theaw doesn't theaw'll surely bely
 Thi own sel', for it maes thee reet ill.
 Theaw cannot deny but it's true;
 Aw dunnot know what'll be th' end,
 But sure as theaw'r't fuddled theaw'll rue,
 When theaw sees it's too late to mend.

AW'LL NEVER BE FUDDLED AGAIN.

BY "UNCLE OWDEM."

AW'LL tell thee what, lass, aw've bin thinkin
 O' th' lectur' I geet t' other day,
 For gooin' an' spreein an' drinkin',
 An' throwin' mi brass o' away.
 An' aw see what a foo' now aw've bin,
 But aw'll strive for to mend afore lung,
 For it's nowt but a shawm an' a sin.
 That a mon should do thee any wrung.
 When aw look reawnd th' heawse an' aw see
 At th' floors an' woze look so bare,
 Aw connot help thinkin' it's me
 At's gan thee so mich grief an' care.
 An' that face o' thine tells me so, too
 An' those cheeks, once as red as a rose,
 An' those een 'at were sich a breet blue—
 What theaw's suffert for me nub'dy knows.
 It's strange, but it's true 'at wi sayn,
 When sorrow is o' at wi see,
 If we could bur live o'er again,
 How humble an' steady we'd be.
 Bur th' wold is so full ov it's snares,
 It's hard to keep eawt iv one will,
 An' folks mun ha' troubles an' cares,
 Heawever hee th' station they fill.
 Aw know, lass—aw feel theaw'rt mi wife
 An' th' time'll come yet when we con
 Feyt bravely i' th' battle o' life,
 Wheer two con stond better nur one.
 For iv aw should be leetened wi' joy,
 An' theaw should be darkened wi' care.
 We'n mix 'em together an' try
 To mak 'em a pleasure to bear.
 Aw's ne'er forget th' day wi were wed,
 Though mony a long year ago.
 When aw stood by th' parson an' said
 Aw'd keep thee through weel an' through woe
 Did t' think then aw should be sich a foo' ?
 Aw'm quite sartin aw did no' mysel' ;
 What a mon in his life mun go through,
 It's a difficult matter to tell.
 Aw'll abide bi that promise, my lass,
 Aw'll no goo to a spree or a lark ;
 But aw'll come an' sit here wi' my glass
 Oych neet when aw've finished my wark.
 An' when th' time comes for goin' to bed,
 Aw'll kiss booath thee an' eawr Ben,
 An' yo's see at aw'm reet i' mi yed,
 For aw'll never be fuddled again !

TWO OR THREE LAST WORDS.

JOE, th' doctor's been again to-day. He says I'm boun' to dee, I may last out a week. he says, or maybe two or three. He said he're sorry but he said he thought I "ought to know, For th' most o' folks ha' summat for t' do before they go."

That shot at th' "Jolly Carter" 's been owing mony a day, An' a two-three other oddments thou lt ha' to see an' pay. There ll be my bit o' club brass—it should be seven pound— There'll be enough left out o' that to see me under ground.

Thou need'st na' fret too much, Joe, for th' parson said hissel, The Lord takes those as trust in Him among His saints to dwell. An' I've had to trust in Him belike, for I think thou'lt not deny There're nowt mich left for me at times but on Him for t' rely.

There'll be no pain nor trouble there, no sittin's up so drie, Nor need o' "Jolly Carters" there to 'tice folks upo' th' spree. Nay! don't say it's a nice look-out to go and leave thee so, To fend for o' these childer. I cannot help it, Joe!

Thou'lt awse a somehow wi' 'em. an' choose how t' cat jumps, I think. If but for t' sake o' them, Joe, thou'll try an' keep fro' drink. I ne'er thowt much o' racin, nor yon pigeon-fancyin' crew— Thou'rt none so young as once thou wert, so leave off fightin', too.

Our lads are growin' up, Joe; I wish thou'dst let 'em see What sort o' mon a gradely sort o' fayther ought to be— My things 'll fit our Mary Anne, they're homely but they're good; I hope that lad o' Joan o' Dicks ll treat her as he should.

 TH' TOOTHWERTCH.

BY J. T. STATON.

AT th' lung length aw made up my moind, after a bit o' persuashun, un an assurance fro my mother that there wur no cure for my afflickshun but a pair o' tooth-drawers, that awd goo to Berber Tummus's, un engage him t' gie me the benefit uv his best skill. My feyther said that wur a sensible resolve, for he wur shure, as weel as my mother, that aw should ne'er get rid o' th' wertchin' till aw could see th' roots o' th' nazzy owd tooth.

Aw cannot say, heawever, that aw went gaily to Tummus's; as near as aw con fancy, aw went wi' a feelin' summat akin to that wi' which a chap would march to th' gallows when he had to play th' leadin' pert i' th' tragedy. For when aw geet to Tummus's dur, my heart failed me, a sort of mist coom before my een, that look'd as if it wur made o' scales off the

back uv a yerrin', un aw broke eawt into a swat. So aw marcht on for abeawt twenty yerds, un then aw turnt back; but when aw geet wonst moar to th' shop dur, my courage wur still not strung enoof to get me insoide. For abeawt ten minnits aw dilly-dallied abeawt, un then, makin' one grand screw up o' my courage, aw banged into th' shop wi' a kind uv a rush, just as a mon would bang at his throat wi' a razur when he'd gotten th' steom uv his resolve to commit shooicide. Berber Tummus wur in th' operatin' reawm behaind, but on yerring footsteps in his shop, he coom to th' dur, un when aw towd him the nature o' my errand, he said — "Step this way, please;" un step that way aw did, an' fun that he wur just on th' peight o' operatin' uppo' one o' th' rebellious teeth o' th' Boots at th' village inn, un that there wur two young wimmin waitin' to be accommodated after th' same fashun. Aw corn't say as I felt that it would be oather pleasant or comfortable to keawr there waitin' o' my turn, watchin' Tummus wroithe these foak's teeth eawt o' their jaws, un a desoided feelin' o' funkiness stole very sherply o'er me. Heawever, aw thowt, by gow aw'll be herd; aw'll see th' fust performance, anyheaw; un before my resolve wur fairly taen, Tummus had his instrument i' th' meawth ov his payshunt, un, wi' a sudden twist uv his arm, he gien a moighty wrench, th' drawers slipt off th' tooth, un he flew wi' his back ogen th' waw. Th' Boots fot up one o' the mooast unearthly skroikes that ever cut its way through my narvous system, an' chilled my blood; then jumps off th' cheer, fot Tummus a stinging pur wi' his clug o'er the bally, sent th' spittoon into the ash-hole, un aw th' sawdust flying abeawt, some on to me, some on Sammul, an' some on to th' wimmin; un then, as if he wur seized wi' a fit o' stark-starin' malignant madness, he aint a pur at me, but missed, un smashed in one o' th' drawers astid. Then, like a wild beost, he chased aw the lot on us reawnd th' place, a table i' th' middle luckily enablin' us to dodge him. Th' wimmin skroiked loike jays; Tummus cussed an' howded his hands to his bally, un made a neighse as if he wur tryin' t' escape fro' an infuriated policeman. Un th' wast on't wur, th' dur wur shut, un th' Boots were too sherp on us to give us a chonce o' oppenin' it. After gooin' reawnd the place pell-mell, heawever, for abeawt six toimes, Tummus twitcht th' dur oppen, un eawt we aw flew. But here there wur another obstacle. Tummus had a heck dur to his

front entrance, un awd lacht it after me. There wur no toime for hesitation or thowt; aw set my honds on to it, un beawnded o'er it like a scopperill; then, as sherp as leetnin', welly, aw unsneckt th' latch, an' eawt rushed th' wimmin, un Tummus at their heels, who, luckily, as he bolted eawt o' th' operatin' reawm, pood a cheer into th' durway, un th' Boots run ogen it, and went deawn. Aw ne'er stopt to see th' eend o' this mad hunt, but run whoam, banged into the heawse. shut dur after me un lockt it, un then gloort throo t' window, to see if aw wur still pursued. To my greight relief aw wurn't, though a ruck o' folk stood starin', as if they'rn wonderin' what the ferrups wur up. My mother wur taen fearfully aback, but aw soon explaint th' cause o' my sudden un hasty rush into th' heawse, vowin' at th' same toime that if ever aw had a tooth drawn, Berber Tummus wur not th'chap ut mut do th' job.

Awd forgotten my tooth aw this whoile, but neaw when aw coom to direct my attention to it, aw fun that it had gien o'er wertchin. It had gotten feort, as weel as me; un seemin'ly, dreadin' to be put to th' same inflicshun as that o' th' Boots, it had resolved to behave itsel', un get on good terms wi' me ogen.

A L E *versus* P H Y S I C .

BY ELIJAH RIDINGS.

A W'R gooin' by a docthur's shop,
 Ut top o' Newton Yeth;
 Un theer aw gan a sudden stop,
 Un began t' be feort o' deeach.

My honds shak'd loike an aspen leat,
 Aw dithert i' my shoon;
 It seemt as dark as twelve at neet,
 Though it wur boh twelve at noon.

Aw thowt aw seed the gallows tree,
 Wheer th' yorn-croft thief wur swung;
 Un ut Owd Nick wur takkin' me,
 Un theer he'd ha' me hung.

Aw grop'd my way to th' docthur's heawse,
 Un then aw tumblet deawn;
 Th' floor it gan me sich a seawse.
 Aw welly breek my creawn.

Neaw, what wur th' docthur thinkin' on

For t' bring me to mysel',

Un save a sick un deein mon

So feort o' death un hell?

He used no lance—he used no drug,

Ut strengthens, or ut soothes,

Boh he browt some strung ale in a jug.

Ut had come fro' Willey Booth's.

He put it i' my wackering hont,

Ut wur so pale un thin,

Aw swoipt it o' off ut a woint,

Un aw ne'er ha' ailt owt sin.

TH' LANCASHIRE BARBER I' LUNNUN.

BY J. BARNES.

I 'M nobbut a barber at th' best,
 In Bury I're brought up to shavin';
 By th' mass, bo' yo'd never ha' guessed,
 I should ever for travel be cravin'.
 Bo' noan con akeawnt for a whim,
 Or tell o' what side eaur thowts run on;
 But I fancied good faces to trim,
 Ther' nowt like a business i' Lunnun.
 So I packed up my traps an' I went
 An' set up a shop i' owd Drury,
 But I're nervous at fust, to th' extent
 O' puttin' em quite in a fury.
 Bo' neaw I've mooar practice, theau knows,
 An' I've getten mich wiser an' graver;
 An' th' chaps ut I'm takkin by th' nose
 Conno' co' me a foo ov a shaver.
 Th' first nose ut I took i' my hond,
 A hot blanket seemed to be wrap't in;
 My nerves I could hardly command—
 It belonged to a blusterin' captain.
 I lathered his lean cheeks wi' glee.
 Bo' th' very fust scrape o' my razor,
 Th' captain were *latherin'* me—
 By th' mass, I thowt that wur a facer.
 What, wi' a lean face, could I do?
 His meauth, my two fingers I put in,
 An' his skin, my sharp razor went through;
 I never seed owt haue as cuttin'.
 An' th' cause ov his passion to seek,
 I hadno a minute to linger;
 For I'd made a big gasb i' his cheek,
 An' welly cut off my own finger.

It stood as a lesson to me,
 Ut I've aulso determined to follow—
 Keep yo'r fingers eautside when yo' see
 Ut a cheek's gotten wizen't an' hollow.

Bo' neaw I've mooar practice, theau knows,
 An' I've gotten mich wiser an' graver;
 An' th' chaps ut I'm takkin by t' nose,
 Conno' co' me a foo ov a shaver.

THE IRISH FISHWIFE

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

[A quiet street in the city. Mrs. SULLIVAN, looking out of her doorway at the rain. BIDDY MAGUIRE coming down the street, crying fish.]

"HERRIN' ; fresh herrin' ; herrin' alive ! Fine mackerel ! Any mackerel to-day, ma'am ? Buy a few herrin', ma'am—seven for sixpence. They're fresh in this mornin'. Look at them. Sure they're beautiful !"
 "Not to-day."

"Look at thim mackerel, ma'am. Sure it's not six hours since they were sportin' in the say. See the salt water drippin' from their jaws. Oh, ma'am, take sixpen'orth o' herrin' from me this mornin' ! I'll let you have eight for sixpence. Arrah, they cost me well nigh that in the market—an' I bringin' 'em down to your own door. Och, take sixpen'orth from me, ma'am ! Sure, they're chaiper than butcher's mait, anyhow. Buy a few for picklin', ma'am. They're just in saison now.

"Ten for sixpence."

"Ah, don't be too hard on me, ma'am, an' I tryin' to scrape a thin livin' for the childer !"

"I'se gi' no moore !"

"Ah well, then, indeed, indeed it's no use. (*Takes up her basket.*) Oh, musha, musha, but the women is far harder than the min ! . . . Herrin' ; fresh herrin' ; herrin' alive !"

[Mrs. SULLIVAN, *at her door.*]

"Well, Biddy, woman, sure this is the quare day for ye. An' what have ye got for us, at all, at all, this murtherin' wet mornin' ? Take down the basket, till I see it ! Arrah, what ails the craiter ? Is it a cowl'd ye've got, Biddy ?"

"Oh, Mistress Sullivan, darlin'—for the love of God—av ye never buy another fish from me as long as ye live, buy somethin' from me this mornin', that I may go home to the

childer! Oh, ma'am, dear, the heart's breakin' in me as I go about the town this day! Oh, *weirasthrue, weirasthrue*, why am I stricken down like this?—Glory be to God! Ah, ma'am, dear, all the while I'm trailin' about the streets, cryin' 'Fresh herrin'!' an' collougin' wi' the customers, my poor heart's bleedin', for I'm thinkin', 'Jemmy, Jemmy, my darlin', are ye livin' yet, or are ye dead an' gone from me for evermore?' Oh, maybe some cold hand is closin' the eyes of my child this blessed minute, an' I away from his bed! Oh, mistress Sullivan, my poor boy is destroyed!"

"Holy Vargin! what's this ye're sayin', Biddy? Gi' me the basket, woman, an' come in out o' the rain! In the name of the Lord, Biddy, dear, what's the matter?"

Oh, wirra, wirra, God help me, what'll I do this blessed day that's in it? An' him the oldest of six, an' the flower of the flock! Oh, Jemmy, Jemmy, darlin', what'll I do? what'll I do?"

"Oh, Biddy, dear, is it the little curly-headed gorsoon that used to help you carry the fish?"

"Indeed, indeed, it's just that same. . . . Oh, my own brave an' beautiful boy! Oh, the light of heaven's own loveliness was about my little sootherin' darlin'! He was just turned eleven years old, ma'am. . . . Oh, the hand of the Lord is heavy upon me this sorrowful hour! What'll I do? what'll I do?"

"Arrah, Biddy, dear, don't take on so! Sure ye're not quite alone in the world; an' the great God is in the heavens above us all yet! An' what has happened, Biddy, dear?"

"Ah, well, it's many's the time ye've seen him trottin', barefoot, through the streets by my side, smilin' an' prattlin' all the way, as we wandered together through the heavy rain. Oh, may the sweet heavens be your bed, my own beautiful darlin'! . . . An' indeed, ma'am, it's yerself knows the sore trouble I had when poor Barney died, an' left me 'lone wi' the six o' them—the craitters. An' I had no one in the world, barrin' my own little Jemmy—the bright-eyed darlin' that was no more nor a child himsel'—I had no one in the world but him to look after the childer for me whilst I was away on the streets sellin' my fish. An' indeed, indeed, it's well he did it, too, an' willin' he was to lessen the burden for me—my own kind-hearted little gorsoon, that was the dear light o' my eyes! Sure, he always met me in the doorway with a smile. Ah, many's the time he wiped the tears away,

when I sat down, lonesome an' heartsore, an' wet to the skin, after wanderin' about in the rain for hours together. . . . Well, it was yesterday mornin', I went out at five o'clock, lavin' the childer in bed, in the care o' Jemmy—for if ye don't go airly to the market for your fish it's no use goin' out at all. An' sure, it's myself that can't afford to lose a day's sale, for it's all I have to depend on in the wide world. Well, d'ye see, ma'am, about aight o'clock in the mornin', Jemmy got up in his shirt an' made the fire, an' began to get the breakfast ready for the childer; an' oh, ma'am, my poor boy's clothes tuk fire, an' he ran scramin' out o' the door, an' into a neighbour woman's house, cryin' for help."

"Oh, *Veeha, Vaugha* (Virgin Mother), the poor child!"

"An' oh, ma'am, dear, the woman ran my poor boy back into the street, an' closed the door behind him, an' he all in flames!"

"Oh, the hard-hearted blackguard! May the——"

"Arrah, ye may well say that, Mistress Sullivan! But see this, now! Bi the mortal—av she'll say 'pais' to me, I'll take the eyes out of her—the durty sthrap!"

"Och, och, but my heart is sore for the dear child!"

"Ah, ma'am, my poor boy would be burned to death on the street but for Barney Hanlon that rushed out, an' folded his coat round him."

"May the kind hand of Almighty God be about him for that same!"

"An' they tuk him away to the Infirmary—an' there he lies now, at death's door—for he's not expected to live from hour to hour. . . . An' oh, ma'am, dear—they'll not let me see my own poor boy!"

"Oh, the flinty villains!"

"Ah, mistress Sullivan, dear, it was the heavy stroke was waitin' for me when I got home wid my basket that day! Arrah, wasn't it the mercy o' God that I didn't lose my sinses entirely! Oh, to think o' me away on the streets, shoutin' 'Fresh herrin',' an' jokin' an' collougin' wi' the customers, from house to house, while my poor child was burnin' to death on the street. Oh, *weirasthrue*, but my heart's broke within me, this heavy day! . . . But, I must be goin' on wi' the fish, for I want to get home."

"Arrah, Biddy, woman, what 'ud ye do goin' about with fish this day? Sure, don't we want all the fish, an' more,

an' we havin' company? . . . See, now, take that, an' take the basket, an' hie away home to the childer; an' I'll be after ye, Biddy, dear, before an hour is over."

"Ah, mistress Sullivan—may the good God of heaven reward ye, both here an' hereafter, for all your kindness to me and mine! Glory be to God for the goodness He scatters upon the sorrowful path! Ah, ma'am, may the kind heavens smile upon all ye take in hand; an' that ye may never know an unhappy hour to your dyin' day!"

THE DULE UPO' DUN.

A NEW VERSION OF A LANCASHIRE LEGEND.

BY J. BARNES.

"BARELY three miles from Clitheroe, as you enter a small village on the right of the highroad to Gisburne, stands a public-house, having for its sign the title of our story.

On it is depicted his Satanic majesty, curiously mounted on a scraggy dun horse, without saddle, bridle, or any sort of equipments whatever—the terrified steed being off and away at full gallop from the door, where a small hilarious tailor, with shears and measure, appears to view the departure of him of the cloven foot with anything but grief or disapprobation.

. . . Our tale hath a particular bearing to other and more terrific days—'the olden times,' so plentiful in marvels and extravaganzas—the very poetry of the black art; when Satan communed visibly and audibly with the children of men—thanks to the invokers of relics and the tellers of beads—and was so familiar and reasonable withal, as to argue and persuade men touching the propriety of submitting themselves to him, as rational and intelligent creatures; and even was silly enough, at times, to suffer himself to be outwitted by the greater sagacity of his intended victims. For proof, we cite the following veracious narrative, which bears within it every internal mark of truth, and matter for grave and serious reflection."—*Roby's Traditions of Lancashire*.

MIKE Waddington once was a tailor, as bold
 As ever joined needle and thread;
 His close cutting coats were a treat to behold,
 So well felled each seam, so well padded each fold,
 Impervious alike to wet weather and cold—
 At least, so his neighbours all said

A cheery, hard-working, staunch fellow was he,
 A jovial companion to boot,
 Like the once famous miller who dwelt on the Dee,
 No lark more blythe at his labours than he
 (Though he sometimes *would* join in a "bit of a spree"
 To "handsel" a newly-made suit).

But unlike the miller just mentioned above,
 Who led such a musical life,
 And whose home was as peaceful as that of a dove,
 Mike Waddington's home no such blessing could prove,
He loved not his children—he had none to love—
 And he had a most termagant wife.

She flouted and jeered, at his best efforts railed,
 And the poor tailor led such a dance,
 That, like *patient* old Job, his sad lot he bewailed,
 That to such a sweet helpmate his life was entailed,
 And wished, ere his marriage bells rang, he had sailed
 To Russia, New Zealand or France!

But he cut not his throat, like the Ratcatcher bold
 (A short way to peace, one would think).
He went not to the wars, like the minstrel of old,
 Nor acted like many, of whom we've been told,
 Who took summary means to get rid of a scold—
 But he quietly took to his drink.

At the old village alehouse he sat day by day,
 Oblivious of business and friends,
 Indulging the practice of "soaking his clay,"
 And dawdling his time and his substance away—
 But Hamlet informs us—"rough hew how we may,
 'Tis divinity shapes all our ends."

His was shaped, as you'll hear, by divinity too,
 But perhaps not according to rule;
 For though good liquor *may* drown the voice of a shrew,
 You are apt to forget what it's bringing you to,
 Till you find all at once there's a smacking of "rue"
 In the pot that has made you a fool.

His friends all forsook him, his custom went wrong,
 His business all fell to decay,
 And his wife in his ears still kept up the "old song,"
 And though duller he grew, he could not stop her tongue,
 So he felt that this sort of thing could not last long,
 Before he'd the piper to pay.

In fact, he was yielding himself to despair,
 When a gentleman, clad all in black,
 Stepped into the tavern and sate himself there,
 And asked for a drink with a *nonchalant* air,
 And a manner you'd stigmatise "devil-may-care,"
 And tapped little Mike on the back.

The gentleman's eyes appeared almost to blaze,
 At least, so the landlord affirmed,
 As with Mike he conversed in a low-muttered phrase,
 Whilst the tailor seemed startled to sudden amaze,
 For he *could not* withdraw from the stranger his gaze,
 But immovably sat as though charmed.

At length they arose, and Mike started for home,
 With the stranger in black arm-in-arm;
 And Mike Waddington knew, ere he went from the room
 With the black-coated man, into night's cheerless gloom.
 The terms had been spoken which sealed his own doom,
 And he felt most uneasily warm.

For three uttered wishes he'd bartered his soul
 At the end of seven years and a day,
 And he knew that his name was inscribed on a scroll,
 Which enabled the DARK ONE to come for the toll,
 And his captor would grant not an instant *parole*,
 But his victim would hurry away.

Then he thought of his wishes—and what they should be
 (They must be the first three he out-spoke);
 Unlimited wealth should be one of the three,
 Of that he was certain, for now he was free
 To grow rich with a wish, further hardship to see
 Would be a most comical joke.

At home he arrived and was met by his wife
 With her usual Xantippic display.
 "Be off," exclaimed Mike, "thy tung cuts like a knife,
 Such women as thee are the plague o' one's life;
 Wi' thy noise and thy clatter, thy fratchin' and strife,
 I wish thear'rt i' th' middle o' th' sae!"

No wizard e'er spoke with such sudden effect,
 In an instant his wife disappeared!
 To say he rejoiced would, perhaps, not be correct,
 And to think that a wish could his wife so eject—
 It was wonderful! She who'd so long been uncheck'd,
 And so long o'er his hearth domineered!

He chuckled and said, "I st have less of *her* lip,
 Hoo'll happen now bridle her tung;
 Hoo never enjoyed sich a sudden sae-trip,
 I should like to know heaw hoo's enjoyin' her dip,
 I wish hoo'd come back just to tell me—" hey, whip!
 Back into the cottage she sprang!

"Theau jade," said Mike Waddington, facing the scoid,
 "Theau's lost me two wishes, it's plain;
 But for thy peevish tung, I'd ha' neaw had my gold,
 And i' bright, sparkling riches we bo oath should ha' roll'd,
 I wish ut theau never met speak till theau'r told—
 Theau couldno' weel plague me again."

His wife became dumb, and Mike Waddington saw
 That he'd lost all his chances of wealth,
 And now from his compact he could not withdraw.
 But that HE would claim forfeit. *sans* mercy or law ;
 Seven years would soon pass—here he shuddered in awe.
 He could not escape it by stealth.

And the seven years did pass, and the next day there came
 The gentleman dressed all in black,
 As he made Mike his bow his eyes sparkled with flame,
 And Mike knew the finish of *his* earthly game
 Was at hand, but he could not but sadly exclaim
 As he stepped just a pace or two back—

“Are yo' come, yo' black cheat, to lay claim to your bill,
 The wages yo' ne'er could have earned ?
 Yo'll keep on deceivin' us poor mortals still,
 Wi' promisin' things ut yo' conno' fulfill.
 And prompt us to wish silly things at yo'r will,
 Till we find all our prospects o'ertuned.

The sable one growled, and then swore by his hoof
 (The favourite oath he employed),
 That the compact was good—but still Mike held aloof
 Till his ' majesty ' said, in a voice harsh and gruff—
 “Let thy wife take a wish - I'll abide by the proof,
 Or thy compact shall be null and void.”

“Be it so,” shouted she, with a gratified stare,
 And a voice that was almost a roar —
 “Then I wish thou wert fast upo' yonder dun mare.
 And ridin' full speed to thy own brimstone lair,
 And that never a mortal i' Lancashire fair
 May be trouble t wi' thee any moor !”

A loud, baffled yell from the demon's throat came,
 And out of the window he flew,
 For the tailor's wife's wish spoiled his “nice little game,”
 And fast to the back of the dun he became,
 Which sped like an arrow with “he of the flame,”
 Till lost to Mike Waddington's view.

And ne'er since that day has the demon been seen
 In Lancashire playing his pranks ?
 So Lancashire people may rest quite serene,
 They are safe from “old horny,” no matter how keen
 His efforts may be to again intervene,
 To that dun mare of Clitheroe thanks !

So demons beware, ere you think the game won,
 Of each feminine Lancashire elf.
 The “Lancashire witches” as sure as a gun,
 In the end it will pay you much better to shun,
 For each you will find, with the help of a “dun,
 Is a match for old “clubby” himself.

TH' CHAP UT WANTED TO MANAGE TH' HEAUSE.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN.)

THERE wor once a mon ut wor so cross-grain't an' ill-temper't that he wor awlus thinkin' ut th' owd woman didno' do enoof i' th' heause. So he coom whoam one neet i' th' hay-makin' time, an' frapped an' scowded to sich a tune as you'd hardly believe. "Here, owd mon, dunno' thee may such a rumpus," said th' woman; "if th' au likes we'll swap shops to-morn—aw'll goo out a-m'win', an' theau may stay awhoam." "Ay," thowt he, "that ud be o' reet," so he agreed to't.

Early i' th' mornin' th' woife took th' scythe on her shoother, an' went into th' meadow wi' th' mowers, an' th' owd chap stop't awhoam to look after th' heause. Th' fust thing he mun do wur to may th' butter, an' when he'd fixed th' churn i' it' place an' churn't a bit, he thowt it wormighty dry wark, an' he went into th' cellar to draw a sope o' ale. While he wor agate o' drawin' th' ale, he yerd th' pig coom into th' reawm above. So off he seet wi' th' tap kay in his hond, up th' cellar steps, as hard as he could pelt, to stop the pig fro' upsettin' th' churn; but when he geet theer he fun ut th' pig had turn't it reet o'er, an' wor suckin' up th' cream ut wur runnin' aw o'er th' floor. Wi' that he geet i' sich a rage 'at he forgeet aw abeaut th' ale barrel, an' seet off after th' pig as hard as he could goo. He coom up wi' it just bi th' dur, an' he took a run punce at it ut laid it dyed upo' the spot. An' now he bethowt him o' th' barrel kay ut wor in his hond, an' when he geet deawn into th' cellar, every drop o' th' beer wor run away.

He went into th' dairy again, an' fun' as mich cream as 'ud do for another churnin', so he filled th' churn an' started off to may butter again, for they mun ha' butter for th' dinner-time. He hadno' been at th' job long afore he remember't ut th' cow wor i' th' shippon yet, an' though it wur growin' late, it had had noather bite nor sup. But as it wor too late neaw to tak' it to th' pasture, he thowt he met just as weel drive it upo' th' roof o' th' cottage, wheer ther' wor a goodish bit o' grass growin' on th' thatch. Th' cottage wor close by a steep bit of a hill, an' when he'd put a plank up fro' th' hill to th' roof he thowt he should get th' cow up yessy enoof.

But he darno' lyev th' churn oather, for th' youngster wor crawlin' abeaut th' floor, an' he thowt he might upset it again. So he put th' churn on his back, an' eaut he went.

But he had to tak' th' ceaw to th' wayter fust, before he druv her upo' th' roof. He took a bucket to get some wayter eawt o' th' well wi', but when he stooped deawn o'er th' side, aw th' cream run eawt o' th' churn, deawn his neck, an' into th' well. "By th' mass!" he said, "an' it's gettin' welly near dinner-time neaw, an' no butter made," so he thowt he'd may some porritch, an' he hung th' porritch-pot i' th' chimbley, and welly filled it wi' wayter.

When he'd done that, th' ceaw on t' roof coom into his yed again, an' he thowt ut if it wor to tumble off, it met maybe break its legs, or else its neck, so he went up on th' roof to see if he couldno' fasten it up. He fastened th' eend of a piece o' rope to th' ceaw's neck, put th' other eend deawn th' chimbley, an' then went into th' heause an' fasten't it reound his own body, for th' wayter wor boilin' i' th' pan, an' he *mun* may th' porritch, chus heaw it wor.

While he wor agate o' this, th' ceaw fell off th' roof an' poo'd him slap up th' chimbley by th' rope; an' theer wor th' ceaw eautside, hangin' 'twixt heaven an' earth, an' him danglin' up th' chimbly, an' noather her nor him able to stir a peg.

But th' owd woman, who had bin waitin' an' waitin' for th' mon to come an' co' her in to dinner, coom whoam just at th' nick o' time, an' when hoo seed th' ceaw hangin' theer an' chokin', hoo took her scythe an' cut th' rope, when deawn fell th' ceaw, an' at th' same time th' owd chap coom deawn th' chimbley even quicker than he'd gone up, and when th' owd lass coom in she fun him with his yed fast i' th' porritch-pot.

He didno' want to do her wark ony moor, that's aw I con say.

BOWTON'S YARD.

BY SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

A T number one i' Bowton's Yard mi gronny keeps a schoo',
But hasn't mony scholars yet, hoo's only one or two;
They say th' owd woman's rather cross, well, well, it may be so,
Aw know hoo boxed me rarely once an' poo'd mi ears an' o'.

At number two lives widow Burns, hoo washes clooas for folk,
 Their Billy—th' only lad hoo has—gets jobs at wheelin' coke;
 They say hoo coarts wi' Sam o' Ned's, 'at lives at number three,
 Well that's a tale 'at's goin' neaw, tho' it never troubles me.

At number three, an' facin' th' pump, Ned Grimshaw keeps a shop,
 He's Eccles cakes, an' gingerbread, an' treacle beer, an' pop;
 He sells oat-cakes an' o', does Ned, he has boath soft an' hard,
 An' everybody buys off him 'at lives i' Bowton's Yard.

At number four Jack Blundrick lives, he goes to th' mill an' wayves.
 An' then at th' week end when he's time, he pows a bit an' shaves;
 He's badly off, is Jack, poor lad, he's lawm, an' then agen—
 His bairns are gettin' thickish on aw think they've nine or ten.

At number five aw live mysel', wi' owd Susannah Grimes.
 But dunnot like so very weel, we've crossish words sometimes;
 Th' owd lass ne'er seems to ha' no leet—hoo's allis th' heawse i' th' dark,
 But aw haven't paid mi' lodgin' brass, because aw'm eaut o' wark.

At number six, next dur to us, an' th' other side o' th' speawt.
 Owd Susy Collins sells smo' drink, but hoo's nearly allus beawt;
 But heaw it is that is the case, aw'm sure aw conno tell,
 It's said hoo maks it very sweet, an' sups it o' hersel'!

At number seven there's nob'dy lives, they left it yesterday,
 Th' bumbaylis coom an' marked their things, an' took 'em o' away;
 They hardly filled a donkey-cart—aw know nowt wheer they went,
 But they say th' chap spent his brass o' drink instead o' payin' th' rent.

At number eight they're Yorkshire folk, there's only th' man an' wife,
 Aw think aw ne'er knew kinder souls nor these i' o' mi life;
 Yo'll never yer 'em fallin' eawt like lots o' married folk,
 They're allis cheerful, frank, an' free, an' like to crack a joke.

At number nine th' owd cobbler lives—th' owd chap 'at mends mi shoon,
 He's gettin' very weak an' done, he'll ha' to leov us soon;
 He reads his bible, sings his hymns, an' every heaur employs
 I' tryin' t' mak' "his tittle clear to mansions in the skies!"

At number ten James Bowton lives, he's th' nicest heawse i' th' row,
 He's allis plenty o' summat t' eat, an' lots o' brass an' o';
 An' when he rides or walks abeaut, he's donn'd up very fine,
 But he isn't hawe as near to heaven as him at number nine!

At number eleven mi uncle lives—aw mean mi uncle Tum,
 He goes to concerts up an' deawn, an' plays a kettledrum;
 I' bands or owt i' th' music line, he seems to tak a pride,
 An' there isn't a chap 'at's better known i' o' that country side.

At number twelve, an' th' eend o' th' row, Joe Stiggins deals i' ale,
 He's sixpenny, an' fourpenny, dark-coloured stuff, an' pale;
 But aw ne'er touch what s often th' bane o' prophet, priest, or bard;
 Tho' aw'm th' only chap 'at doesn't drink 'at lives i' Bowton's Yard.

Well, neaw, aw think yo'll do a bit, aw've kept yo' rather long,
 But iv aw'm blamed for this, aw hope aw've pleased yo' wi' mi song;
 Aw've done mi best at pointin' eaut mi nayburs one an' o',
 An' iv there's any changes made, aw'll try an' let yo' know.

COME WHOAM TO THI CHILDER AN' ME.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

A W'VE just mended th' fire wi' a cob ;
 Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon,
 There's some nice bacon collops o'th' hob,
 An' a quart o' ale-posset i th' oon.
 Aw ve browt thi top-cwot, doesta know,
 For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree,
 An' th' har'stone s as whitē as new snow—
 Come whoam to thi childer an' me.
 When aw put little Sally to bed,
 Hoo cried 'cose her feyther weren't theer ;
 So aw kiss'd th' little thing, an' aw said
 Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro th' fair ;
 An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,
 An' a nice little white cotton bo' ;
 An' aw kiss'd her again ; but hoo said
 At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o'.
 An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,
 Afore aw could get him up stairs ;
 Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum,
 He said, when he're sayin' his prayers ;
 Then he look d i' my face, an' he said,
 " Has th' boggarts ta en houd o' my dad ? "
 An' he cried whol his een were quite red :
 He likes thee some weel, does yon lad !
 At th' lung-length aw geet 'em laid still,
 An' aw hearken t folks' feet at went by ;
 So aw iron t o' my clooas reet weel,
 An' aw hanged 'em o'th' maiden to dry.
 When aw d mended thi stockin s an' shirts,
 Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
 An' aw rayley did feel rayther hurt —
 Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw artn't theer.
 " Aw've a drum an' a trumpet for Dick ;
 Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal ;
 Aw've a book full o babs ; an' a stick,
 An' some 'bacco, an' pipes for mysel ;
 Aw've browt thee some coffee an' tay—
 Iv thae'l *feel* i' my pocket thae'l *see* ;
 An' aw ve browt thi a new cap to-day—
 For aw olez bring summat for *thee*.
 " God bless thi, my lass ! aw'll go whoam,
 An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd ;
 Thae knows at wheerever aw roam,
 Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd.
 Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass ;
 Aw con do wi' a bit ov a spree ;
 But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,
 Except wi' yon childer an' *thee*."

GO, TAK THI RAGG'D CHILDER AN' FLIT.

OR, "COME WHOAM TO THI CHILDER AN' ME."
(AS IT IS.)

BY BEN BRIERLEY.

H AS eawr Jammy bin *here* to-neet ?
 Oh ! theaw'rt *theer*, theau great drunken slotch
 It's strange if au nowt elze to do
 Bo' ha' thee every bed time to fotch.
 Come whoam ; or au'll goo an' go t' bed,
 An' lecov thi t' sleep where theau art ;
 For theaw'rt here every neet o' thi life,
 As soon's theau gets th' hoss eawt o'th' cart.

 What is ther' for th' supper ? ther's nowt !
 Beawt theau taks a red-herrin fro' Sol's.
 Heaw con t think au con get thi owt good,
 When theaw leeoves me nowt bo' th' bare wall.
 If theaw'd give me thy wage as theau out,
 Au could do summat farrantly then ;
 Bo' au getten a thowt i' mi yed,
 Wi mun ne'er ha' owt gradely agen.

 Have au browt thi th' top-cowt ? go thi look !
 Aud ha' browt thi th' *stret jacket* as soon :
 Theau knows au've ha' t' *put it up th' spearwt*,
 For money to pay for thi shoon.
 Ther's th' rent chap just bin, an' he swears
 He can never catch nob dy a-whoam ;
 He s bin four or five times to-day,
 Bo' aur *eawt*, an' au could na' weel come.

 Nawe, I ha'na bin drinkin' mysel ;
 Aw've ne'er tastut "tiger" to-day ;
 Bo' au bin o'er to Plattin to yo'r Nan's,
 An' hoo would mak' mi t' stop to mi tay.
 If we han had a toothful o' rum,
 Hoo paid for t' an' that's nowt to thee ;
 If it's done me some good *thee* ne'er fret ;
 Bo' theaw never thinks nowt abeawt me.

 What's made thi bring childher yon toys ?
 Theaw't likker t' ha' browt thi brass whoam ;
 For Sal has poo'd th' yed off her doll,
 An' Dick's sent his clog through his drum ;
 An' then ther's yon fal-dher-dal cap,
 Stick't full o' pink ribbons theaw's browt ;
 If theow'd browt mi two black 'uns i'th' stid,
 Theaw'd ha' done summat like as theaw owt.

Wilt come whoam? then tarry wheer t' art,

For aw'm cuss'd if au ax thee ogen ;

Eh ! this world 'ud soon be at eend

If wimmen wur owt like yo men.

Nawe, au'll see thi befar 'fore au'll sup ;

Au'd rayther throw th' pot at thi yed ;

An' au've twenty good minds for to do't,

If it's nobbut for what theau's just sed.

Wilt hit me? ay, do if theaw dar !

An' au'll just ha' thi walk't eawt o'th' dur ;

Theaw thinks, 'cose theaw plaguet *tother wife*.

Theaw'll ha' *me* at th' same rate as theaw'd *her*.

Bo' au'll show thi a sperrit, mi lad,

'At'll no' tak a blow for a buss ;

An' if t' tries thi owd capers wi' me,

As bad as theau does au'll do wuss.

So wind up thi lip an' chew that,

An' tarry o neet if theaw will ;

If they'n tak thi, an' keep thi, it's reet,

For au'm blest if au've not had mi fill.

If theaw't toyart o' livin wi' me,

Go, tak thi ragged childer an' flit,

For ift' byets me to th' seet o' mysel',

Theaw'll noo mak me t' cruttle o bit.

C H E A P J O H N .

BY FELIX FOLIO.

HERE is a concern in Shudehill, Manchester. The front of the van is hung round with guns, bridles, trays, rules, measuring tapes, braces, belts, hand-saws, &c., &c., and from the centre of the top of the doorway is suspended a large magnet, to which a pocket-knife and a pair of scissors are clinging ; and a large oil-lamp is suspended from a short pole which springs from the roof of the van. The platform is occupied by a middle-aged man in a red plush waistcoat with sleeves, corduroy breeches, white stockings, and high-low shoes. One side of his head only is covered by a worsted cap, the peak of which has forgotten its proper office, for instead of shading both eyes it is covering one ear. It is eight o'clock at night—a Saturday night in February. In front of the van, with the bright glare of the lamp reflected on their upturned faces, stand at least two hundred persons, mostly men—there are some women amongst them—and a good sprinkling of lads. I ar

a few seconds too late to hear what "John" said to cause such a general roar of laughter, but here is something which I did hear. The speaker has in his hand an open pocket-knife:—

"Now, this knife, remember, is one that was sent to me by Mister Rogers, of Sheffield, as a speciment. He only sent me one, and here it is. Who'll give five shillin's for it? Remember, this is a knife that will suit anybody or anything. A blade that would do for a roguish debtor to cut his stick with, shave himself, or open his oysters; and a smaller one that would stick a clothes-horse, bleed a wheel-barrow, or mend a steel pen. Remember, this is a well-bred knife, its father was a razor, and its mother a butcher's cleaver, and introduced to me by Mister Rogers. Now, I'll not ask a long price for it, who'll give two-and-six? Two—eighteen-pence—there,—d——n it, who'll give a shillin' for it? No buyers? Well, none on yer cannor have nothing to cut. Here, stop—sell I will; eleven—ten—nine—eight—seven—six. Who'll give six? sixpence, and it's yours. Now, I'll ask no more, and I'll never take no less; sell it or never sell it, buy it who will." "Here," shouted a man in the crowd, pushing his way up to the van, with sixpence in his hand. He had no sooner got the knife, than he began to praise it aloud, said it was dirt cheap; and, having thus performed his part, walked away. The man on the platform now held up another knife like the last, exclaiming:—"Just one more." "Why, I thought you said you had only one?" a lad called out. "O, you foolish young dog," cried Cheap John. "I said Mister Rogers only sent me one as a sample; but I immediately ordered twelve gross on 'em." "Here," "here," called several in the crowd, and the vendor sold a great number of them; bawling out, at the receipt of each sixpence, "Sold again, sold again—I say, sold again." I examined one of the knives, and found it to be of the description sold in Sheffield at three shillings and sixpence a dozen. A pair of braces were next offered, and were declared to be "long enough and strong enough to tow a ship into harbour;" none were sold. A pair of glass salt-cellars came next, and were recommended as being so immensely thick and strong, that they were used by their present owner for blocking the wheels of his van when his horse rested in ascending a hill! Sixpence was the price of the pair, but very few were sold.

A half-dozen of table knives and forks were then neld up, and declared in very laudatory terms to be "genuine;" they were started at three shillings, and came down to sixpence the half-dozen—a great many were sold. I examined one lot, and found they were "genuine" *cast-iron*, very roughly finished, and very dear at any price, for the knives could never be made to cut, and the forks would break with a very slight pressure. Some articles of stationery were much in demand; each lot consisted of a quire of writing paper, of the quality used for wrapping tea in, twenty-five envelopes, same quality of paper, a stick of sealing-wax of the quality usually found on the top of blacking bottles, and a small box of steel pens, very trashy, the maker having forgot to split the nibs of some of them. The lowest price of the lot was one shilling; about a dozen lots were sold. A gun was the next thing tried, but it did not go off. A pocket-book of the annual kind was the next article offered; it was introduced as follows:—

"I see plain enough there's no sportsmen here, no guns are wanted, yer not them sort of people as fools yer money away on guns and shooting; no, that yer not, and I recommend yer for it. Why, I never shot a single thing in all my life but two—one was the cat, and the other was the moon. But that gun as I've just showed yer would sell for five pound if I had it in another place, for I'll guarantee it to bring down an agent or landlord at sixty yards; but, gentlemen, as I said before, you are not a sporting people. No, you are a larned people, and wants stationery and things like this here pocket-book. Talking of *stationery*, I've got such a precious lot of this ware—something less than a thousand gross of these books to begin with—talking of *stationery*, I say, I'm blow'd if I shan't be *stationary* if I don't sell a precious lot of 'em, for my old horse—bad luck to him—gibs going up hill, and kicks going down; he's just like an old almanick; the longer I keep him, the less he's to be depended on." The speaker here trimmed his lamp with his fingers, and immediately drew them across his face, making a broad black mark which seemed to cut it in two, and which added so much to the comical look of his phiz, as to draw forth a roar of laughter. When it had somewhat subsided, a lad called out, "Master, you've got a dirty face." Never mind, was the reply, "to-morrow's the day for wash-

ing it—I always washes my face once a week, whether it wants it or not. Now, who'll give me half-a-crown for the pocket-book? See here, it has a pocket for letters, and a pocket for notes, a pretty tale to please your sweetheart, and a song or two to please yourself; here's a column for pounds and a column for pence, a column to put down what you lend, and a column to put down what you borrow; here's a place to put down what you lose, and a place to put down what you steal; talking of stealing, they say 'honesty is the best policy'; but I'm very happy to say, my friends, I can live without it! Now, who says two shillings—eighteen pence—twelve—yes, one shilling for it? Recollect, here's a leaf for every year in the month, and every month in the week. What!—no buyers? Nobody give a bob for a book like this? But you *shall* have 'em, I bought 'em for nothink, and I suppose you want 'em for something less; but that will not do, 'live and let live.' I'll split the difference with yer—who says six? There, d——n it, take it for six—there, that's it—sold to a literary gentleman worth a thousand a year, all in copper, and every penny of it is kept from him by the right owners! Sold again—sold again—sold again!"

EAWR JACK.

THER'S tay kettle 'singin' a tune,
 An' th' babby's i' th' krather asleep;
 Eawr Jack 'll be comin' whoam soon,
 Aw'll look sharp an' get o'made reet;
 He'd sanner see owt upside deawn
 Nor th' place where he sits ov a neet.

Thoose candlesticks shinin' up theer,
 Aw rubbed at 'em rarely to-day;
 For when he sits down in his cheer,
 He's sure to look up fro' his tay,
 Wi'—"What hasto gotten up theer?
 They dazzle like sunleet i' May!"

An' th' floor, too, awve dotted it o'er
 Wi' snow spots, they met ha' just fone;
 Aw'm sure it's so weel covert o'er,
 Ther's nobody 'ud think it wur stone;
 An' though aw've oft said it afore.
 Ther's no clanner cottage i' th' lone!

He worches reet hard for us o',
 Aw'm one 'at con see an' con feel;
 But yet aw should like him to know,
 His wife worches hard, too, as weel;
 An' iv we'd bin deawn rayther low,
 Wi'n kept a fuut awlus o' th' wheel.

Theer! neaw o's made reet, he may come!
 He'll throw his e'en smilin' o' th' floor;
 He's preawd ov his lass un' his whoam,
 He said so, an' who could say mooer?
 "Neaw, mother!"—Well?—"Fayther's i th' lone!"
 Then let's go an' meet him at th' dooer.

"Weh, lad! thae looks jaded to-neet;
 Eh, dear! thae's bin slavin' away!"
 "Aw think so has theaw; look heaw breet!—
 Come! come! sit thee deawn to thy tay!
 No fear but awst awlus bi reet
 While theaw smiles as sweet as to-day!"

P U Z Z L E D !

BY J. BARNES.

TWO thoroughbred topers, and neighbours to wit,
 One night had been "soaking their clay,"
 Till time would allow them no longer to sit,
 But bade them set forth on their way.

Arm-in-arm then they wandered, with unsteady gait,
 First on one side the street, then the other;
 Intent on completing their tap-room debate,
 And rolling against one another.

They at length reached the doorstep where one of them dwelt,
 And each claimed the dwelling as his,
 As all round the door for the handle they felt,
 Thinking naught with themselves was amiss.

Said one, "Johnny, lad, neaw theau's seen me to th' dur,
 Aw'll bid thee good-neet and go in."
 Said the other, "Theau yorney, Joe, what ar' ta for,
 Art for lettin' folk see whur theau s bin?"

"This is eaur heause, noan yoars, mon, aw deawt at theau'r t
 fuddle't,
 It conno believe thi own een —"
 B off wi thee, Johnny, it's thee, mon, at's muddl't:
 It's eaur dur that's plain to be seen."

"Well, knock an' ax Betty." "Ax Sally theau meons '
 Thee'rs noan o' year Betty lives here ;
 Cleon th' dirt fro' thi een, mon, an' after theau cleons.
 Stare as straight as ta con throo thi beer."

"Well, it's no use o' fratchin, Joe, let's have her up,
 We st see who it is when hoo comes ;
 For it matters noan how mich we'n gotten to sup,
 It conno be both of eaur whoams."

Then loudly they knocked and shortly up flew
 The sash of the window above ;
 And a woman's shrill voice asked them, "What wor to do?"
 In tones not infused with much love.

"Come an' oppen th' dur, Sally," said Joe, "an' let's see
 Who theau art, an' which on us lives here."
 "Aw'm noan Sally, theau foo', an' aw st come noan to thee ;
 Year Sally's awhoam—goo thee there."

"Well, come deawn to th' dur, for we're sadly i' deawt,
 An' I want to goo whoam very mich ;
 An aw conno goo till theau's pike't year Johnny awt,
 For we conno tell which is which !"

A CONGER STORY.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

" I GUESS thou'll not remember thi uncle Jonas?"
 "Well, I can just remember him, Robert; but it's as
 mich as th' bargain."

"I dar say. . . . Him an' mè wur particular friends.
 We had a rare do together i' th' Isle o' Man once, twenty
 year sin. There wur thi uncle Jonas, an' me, an' Jone o'
 Simeon's, th' bazzoon-player. Jone had a wood leg, shod
 wi' iron. We o' set off together to th' Isle o' Man; an',
 when we geet theer, we went straight across to a place co'ed
 Port Erin, at th' west end o' th' islan', where there wur very
 good fishin', an' it's a terrible place for conger eel, an' o'
 sorts o' big fish. Well, one day we took a boat an' a boat-
 man, an' we went out a-fishin' i' th' bay, wi' strong lines an'
 great hooks, ready for aught that coom. An' while we sat
 theer, danglin' th' lines o'er th' edge o' th' boat, thi uncle
 Jonas began a-jokin' Jone about his wood leg. 'Jone,' he
 said, 'if this boat happens to upset thou'll float longer than
 me.' 'How so?' 'Thou's so mich wood about tho.'

Well, but,' said Jone, 'I think thou'll ston as good a chance as me—if I have a wood leg.' 'How so?' 'Because thou'rt so well timber't at th' top end.' But while they wur agate o' their fun, thi uncle Jonas felt a great tug at his line. 'Hello!' cried he, 'what the devil's this? Come here, lads!' Th' boatman went and geet howd o' th' line. 'Aye,' said he, 'this is a conger, an' a big un, too! I hope it'll not break th' line! By th' mass, how it tugs! Gently! It's a big fish, is this! Let him play a bit! It's comin'! Eh, what a mouth! Ston fur! Here it is!' It wur a tremendous size; an' as soon as we'd gotten it o'er th' edge o' th' boat it flew fro' side to side, snappin' savagely first at one, then at another on us. 'Look out,' cried one. 'Punce it,' cried another. 'It's a devil!' cried another. 'Mind, thou'll upset th' boat! Heigh, Jone; it's comin' to thee! Look out!' Jone took aim at it with his iron-shod wood leg; but he missed th' fish, an' sent his wood leg slap through th' bottom o' th' boat, reet up to th' knee. 'Theigher!' cried thi uncle Jonas; thou's shapt that grandly, owd lad!' 'Poo me up! cried Jone. 'Poo me up, some on yo; I'm fast!' 'Howd; stop!' said thi uncle Jonas; 'thou munnot tak thi leg out! We's be drown't!' 'Drown't or not drown't,' cried Jone, 'I mun ha' my leg out o' this hole!' 'Thou mun keep it where it is, I tell tho, or else we's ha' th' boat full o' wayter in a minute.' 'An' how long am I to cruttle down here,' cried Jone, 'wi' my leg i' this hole?' Then he gav a sudden jerk, an' he skrik't out louder than ever, 'Oh, poo me up, this minute!' 'What's to do now?' 'Th' conger's gotten howd on me beheend! Tak it off!' An' sure enough it had gotten fast howd o' th' soft end of his back, and theer it stuck. 'For pity's sake tak it off!' cried Jone. 'Oh! don't poo so hard; let it get loose of itsel'! Prize it mouth oppen! Oh! I conno ston this!' 'It's no use,' said thi uncle Jonas, 'it'll not let goo!' 'Then cut it yed off!' cried Jone; 'an' poo ashore as fast as yo con—I'm bleedin' like a cauve!' So we pood ashore as fast as we could, wi' Jone's leg stickin' through th' bottom o' th' boat; but when we were gettin' near lond, Jone's leg coom again a sunken rock, an' snapt reet off close to th' boat. 'Theer,' said Jone, pooin' his stump out o' th' hole, 'thank God for that—sink or swim! Now, then, tak this thing off my hinder end!' So wi' much ado we manage't to cut th' conger off close to th' yed; but th'

yed stuck fast to th' owd lad's breeches when done. An thi uncle Jonas had to carry Jone on his back fro' th' boat to th' alehouse, wi' his brokken stump, an' th' conger's yed hangin' beheend him. An' when th' folk at th' alehouse seed us comin', they shouted fro' th' dur-hole, an' axed what luck we'd had. 'Luck!' said Jone; 'look at th' back o' me, here! I've had a bite, if nobody else has!'"

WHEN YO GET YORE NOSE SHOVED EAWT.

BY TEDDY ASHTON.

I T'S noan very pleasant when yo're t' youngest child,
 Petted, speiled, an' has aw yore own road, an' runs wild,
 For t' larn some fine mornin' as main's laid i bed.
 An' there's another fine babby for t' be nussed an' be fed—
 An' yore nose is shoved eawt.

It's noan very nice when yo're courtin' a lass,
 An' yo'n spent on her oceans o' neets an' o' brass,
 For her t' suddenly chuck yo an' leeave yo i' t' lurch,
 An' pop off wi' some other fine felly to church—
 An' yore nose is shoved eawt!

It's quite aggravatin' when yo'n geet a good shop,
 An' yo' hope that for ever an' ever yo'll stop.
 For to find some fine mornin' when theer yo goo
 As there's one i' yore place, a nice how-d'yo'-do—
 An' yore nose is shoved eawt!

It's one o' t' greight troubles o' this worldly life,
 Connected wi' business, an' pleasure, an' wife,
 For to find some fine day as yo're in a sad case,
 O er one thing or other, while reet to yo're face—
 Yore nose is shoved eawt!

A TALE ABEAWT MI UNCLE JAMMIE.

(FROM "UNCLE OWDEM'S TALES.")

○ NE neet i' th' winter toime, Dick, a pal o' mine, an' mysel, awlus up for a bit of a lark, laft whoam wi' Blucher, a dog ov eawrs. Th' greawnd wur thinly covert wi' snow, 'at wur fast givin' way to th' drizzlin' rain 'at coom deawn. Th' wynt whistlet a pretty strung, as weel as a very coud tune; so we soon pood deawn th' ear-flaps ov eawr caps, button't up eawr jackets, an' pushed eawr honds to th' botham ov eawr breeches pockets.

We'rn soon deawn th' fowt, across th' bruck, an' up to m. uncle Jammie's, 'at lived at that toime o' day abeawt a quarter ov a mile fro' eawr heawse. Th' cot's stonidin' to this day; it's wheer Cake-bread an' Mowfin Tummy lives. Yo' happen dunnot know th' pleck, an' it's no mich matter whether yo' dun or not; it is theer yet, though time's made rare wark wi' it, an' sadly awtered it sin' th' day when mi aint Matty used t' say, an' truly too, there wur not a nicer little whoam neest i' th' country reawnd.

Well, fort' go on wi' mi tale. A leet shun breetly through th' cottage winder, an' gan a rare enticin' welcome to outsiders that neet. So in wi went, after puttin' Blucher i' th' cole-hole an' fastenin' him up. Theer wur mi uncle Jammie an' mi aint Matty i' ther owd corners, wheer they awlus sit ov a neet, talkin' abeawt owd times

"Well, lads!" said mi uncle Jammie, "whatever's browt yo' eawt such a neet as this?"

"Eh, dear, aye!" chimed in mi aint Matty. "do come and droy yo'r clooas, an' tak thoose blue stockins off yo'r faces an' honds, an' let's yer what yo'n gotten freysh i' th' fowt yonder."

So wi sit us deawn, an' as wi talked fust about one thing an' then another, time geet on too sharp, as it awlus does when one's havin' a bit o' pleasure.

Th' owd clock i' th' corner had chimet twelve o'clock when 'wi geet up fort' goa, bur mi aint would no' yer on us turnin' eawt i' such a neet, for th' wynt had gotten up, an' th' rain coom deawn i' bucketfuls. Ther wur no road for me, as it happened, but stoppin' o' neet. Dick said he'd goo iv it rained cats and dogs.

Wi bid him good neet, an' when we aw went wi him to th' dur aw put a word or two in his yed, an' aw slammed th' dur beheend him, an' wi went t' bed.

Abeawt one o'clock i' th' mornin' aw yerd mi chamber dur oppen, an' mi uncle Jammie coom stalkin' in wi' a leet in his hond, lookin' for o' th' wold like a ghost. Aw felt a touch o' mi shoulder, an' aw started up, rubbin' mi een as if awd bin asleep, coin eawt—"Who's theer, who's theer?" "Huusht, huusht!" whisptert mi uncle Jammie, mackin' his hond a lid for mi meawth, "ther's somedy i' th' heawse! Robbers, aw deawt!" An' aw seed bi th' quiver ov his lip he re a bit freetnt.

" Raych mi gun here; thea'll find it i' th' corner—ta' care, it's looadnt. Thee get owd o' th' nob crutch, under th' bed, an' neaw keep quiet till wi yern 'em again," said mi uncle Jammie, softly.

Wi stopped at th' chamber door abeawt a minute, when wi yerd summut, sure enoof! Mi uncle Jammie wur reet. " Clumpety, clumpety, clump! " An' aw welly felt freetnt mysel at th' seawnd ov it i' th' dead o' th' neet. Eawt went th' candle, an' wi crope quietly deawn th' steears. O' looked very dismal, an' aw could just see a sparkle o' red i' th' foire grate, that sent a bit ov a glimmer on th' breet porritch spoons that lay on th' plates upo' th' table, wheer wi'd bin havin' a bit ov a neet powllice.

Th' clock struck one; an' aw loike as iv aw could yer it leet thusk again th' botham o' mi uncle Jammie's heart, for aw yerd him say, " Eh dear! " but he plucked up again in a minute, an' sed, " Follow me! "

" Shoot hee enoof," aw said, an' then yo n be sure t' hit him i' th' yed, or in a place 'at'll settle 'im." In a bit we yerd a shutter towart th' pantry. " They're i' th' buttery," said mi uncle Jammie, layin' his hont on mi arm, " ta' care, neaw, spare thi wynt an' strength for a bit, an' then do thi best."

Th' buttery dur wur abeawt a quarter o' th' road oppen; mi uncle Jammie cocked his gun, pushed th' dur wide oppen wi' his fuut, an' banged off; at th' same toime aw took a back stroke at th' table, an' deawn it coom wi' a creysh!

Eh! what a yowl wur set up as soon as mi uncle Jammie foyert! an' eawt coom, moor freetnt nur hurt, weh, owd Blucher!

While wi'd bin layin' th' ghost, as mi aint awlus coed it, hoo'd oppent th' winder, an' had bin sheawting at th' top ov her voyce, " Ghost! ghost! murther! murther! " till a lot o' folk had gethert reawnd th' heawse, an' when they yerd th' endin' up clatter, abeawt a dozen clog nozes met th' dur, an' it flew open.

In they rushed, Dick at th' yed on 'em; some had gotten fire potters i' ther honds, one or two were showderin' pitchforks, an' Sally o' Tummy's o' Margit's had gotten a gridiron! An' aw deawt iv it had not a bin for Dick, 'at had gotten a leeted lantern, wi should ha' bin hawve murthert, afore wi could ha' spocken!

Th' tail end on 'em wur made up wi' th' constable, an' he begun o' snuffin' abeawt, i' every nook an' corner; he dust bi bund, as he said, theyr'n somewheer i' th' heawse.

He didno see Blucher, so wi let him look i' th' cubboards an' th' drawers; he'd known 'em creep i' o' sooarts o' places afore neaw! " At last he coom t' look up chimbley! When Dick gan him a shove, an' he went reet across th' grid, an' leet wi' his nose again th' sooty side o' th' chimbley! Freetnt as most on 'em wur they could nor help leyfin', when he turnt his sooty face an' swore what he'd do for noan helpin' him t' bring th' robbers to justice.

Whol he're macking his noyse, Dick pood Blucher fro under th' table, an' it wur fund eawt that some marlocker or other had festn't a pair o' chylt's clogs to its feet!

Dick swore that he'd tacken Blucher wi' him, but as he'er gooin' up th' lone he seed th' constable hangin' abeawt, an' he dust bi bund he'd had a hond in 't.

Bobby's monkey wur up again at this, an' he leet off steom wi' a vengeance, swearin' what he'd do when dayleet coom, finishin' up wi', "for anybody 'at's done this desarnes hangin'!"

An' iv aw mun tell th' truth, th' rope would not ha' bin so far off Dick's neck an' mine, if Bobby's weesh mut ha' come off.

After aw'd let Dick eawt o' th' heawse he'd gone i' th' coal-hole, an' gert Blucher up, aw let th' key o' th' dur deawn wi' a bant fro' th' window. So Dick crope quietly in, an' put Blucher i' th' buttery; th' owd dog, wi' tryin' t' get owt, had made th' noyse 'at wack'nt mi uncle Jammie.

We'r'n never fund eawt gradely, an' it wur a year or two afore wi durst tell mi uncle Jammie.

Heawever, when we did tell him, he smiled wi' good humour, an' shakin' his fist, said, " Well, lads, aw'll forgie yo' this toime, but never do it again! "

A TOFFY AND CHEESE STORY.

HOW STRETCHER TURNED CONFECTIONER.

BY J. BARNES

[N hls early life, or rather his early manhood, Jerry Walker had been a saving, a hard-plodding character, and had worked as a shoemaker. He was well liked amongst the inhabitants of the then thinly-populated district of Crumpsall,

as an agreeable companion, and looked upon as one extremely likely to make his way in the world. He married late in life, and at the time of his marriage had saved a good round sum of money, accumulated by hard and assiduous labour and judicious small speculations in the shape of loans, for which he was paid a trifling consideration. Work had always been plentiful, and Jerry had prospered. One day, after a long and interesting chat with his wife upon the subject of his daily occupation, he said, with the air of one who had made up his mind—

“Nan, I think it's time I gan up slavin' for t' keep mysel'; I meon settin' up some soart o' business ut'll mak me yeasy for th' rest o' my time.”

“An' what soart o' business does t' think ut theau'rt fit for?” asked his spouse.

“Well, a jerry shop ud be th' most profitable thing, bo then I dunno' like th' thowt o'th' neighse an' trouble o' one. I may as weel keep on as I am as do that. I think o' settin' up a tommy shop.”

“I reckon theau thinks ut if we start'n a tommy shop theau con stond at th' dur smoakin' thy pipe, an' sheaut 'shop' when th' customers come'n in, th' same as owd Swipe, th' greengrocer, does,” said his wife. “Bo theau'll ha' to lay eaut a deol o' brass i' that business. What wi' th' bread, an' fleaur, an' butter, an' eggs, an' o that mak o' stuff—con t' no think o' summat chepper no' that.”

“Well, theau knows, Nan, greengrocerin's a deol chepper, bo then I shouldno' like to goo agen owd Swipe, he's olus bin a good customer to me.”

“Theau's no need to start owt o' that soart,” said Nan; “if theau wants to start a shop o' som soart theau mun start wi' summat ut theau con mak for thysel', an' then there'll be mooar profit i' th' business.”

This was too glaring a fact for Jerry to dispute, so, quietly acquiescing in the truth of her remark, he requested her to be his mentor as to the business she would recommend.

“Why,” she answered, with an air of superior wisdom, “theau con buy one o' thoose confectionery books, an' start o' makin' thy own toffy an' cakes, an' we'll start a toffy an' cake shop. Theau con mak th' toffy, for its nobbut an aisy job, an' I'll see to th' cakes an' gingerbread, wheere o th' fancy wark's wanted.”

"By th' mass, owd wench," said Jerry, laughing, "if thy cakes are nobbut as weel made as my toffy is, we'st pile up a fortune i' no time. If I mak ony toffy, it'll goo as sharp as Stretcher's did th' last gunpowder plot day."

"I reckon it went no faster nor folk could ayt it," said Nan.

"Didno' it! Theau'rt eaut on it this time," he said; "ther no toffy ut ever wor made ut could be etten at th' speed ut that went."

"What does t' meon?" enquired Nan.

"Why, theau sees, Stretcher had tried toffy makin' afore, an' when he'd tried it he'd olus oather cracked or brokken a lot o' plates or else a dish or two, so when he talked o' tryin agen, his wife tow'd him ut he met may as mich toffy as he'd a mind, bo' he shouldno' use oather a plate or a dish o' no soart; hoo said ut hoo'd ha' no mooar o' his crazy wark: so he set his wits to wark, an' he hit on a plan ut he said 'ud surprise her. Well, when th' day coom, he geet his traycle, an' sugar, an' butter, an' he promis't o th' childer i' th' lone ut they should ha' some toffy, an' they o'gether't reound th' dur like a swarm o' hum-a-bees mony a heaur afore th' toffy time; an' Stretcher's wife wonder't what he'r dooin' when hoo seed him wi' his sleeves roll't up, scrubbin' an' weshin' th' slopstone as if he're mad. He scrubb'd it, an' wesh't it, an' scrap't it, till it wur as clen as a new pin, an' not a spot wur to be seen on it, an' then he geet th' butter dish, an' he grays't every inch on it wi' butter as carefully as if it wor a shive o' toast. His wife axt him what he'r dooin' that for, an' he tow'd her he're gooin' t' teem th' toffy on th' slopstone to cool; hoo'd see, he said, ut he'd brake no moore plates, an' hot toffy wouldno' crack a slopstone. Then he boil't his traycle an' sugar, till he thowt it wur abeaut th' reet thickness, an' he went an' tem'd it upo' th' slopstone to cool, while he smok't his pipe at th' front dur, an' tow'd th' childer ut stood reound ut they hadno' long t' wait; an' they sheauted wi' glee, till Stretcher felt as happy as a cobbler on a Sunday neet."

"An' what makes a cobbler happy o' Sunday neet, Jerry?" interrupted Nan, with a puzzled air.

"Why, hast' bin wed to one o these yers an' doesno know that?" inquired Jerry, by way of reply. "A cobbler's happy that neet becose he knows ut th' next day's a holiday—bo

listen to Stretcher's toffy—when he'd had his smoke eaut, he tow'd o' th' childer to come in an' sit 'em deawn while he broke th' toffy up an' share't it eaut, an' he took a hommer in th' kitchen, an' th' sheaut ut he gan fairly lifted th' childer off the'r feet, an' he coom eaut o' th' kitchen lookin' as white as a sheet. He sit him deawn an' couldno' spake. Th' wife ax't him what wur t' do, an' he look't as sheepish as a mon weel could do as he tow'd her ut when he' grays't th' slop-stone he'd forgotten t' stop th' sink pipe, an' o' th' toffy had run deawn th' hole into th' sink. Ther're sich a yell among thoose young 'uns as they coom troopin' eaut o' Stretcher's door, ut it met ha' bin Bedlam broke loose, an' they plague't Stretcher for twelve months by sheautin' 'Stretcher, whear did th' toffy goo?' an' one little urchin welly took him off his feet wi' bawlin' after him, 'I say, Stretcher, tell us when yo mak'n th' next lot o' toffy an' one or two on us 'll stond at t' other eend o' th' pipe.' So theau sees ut if I start o' toffy makin' I st happen ha' no better luck than Stretcher."

"I dunno' think theau'd be sich a foo," said Nan. "I could do th' cake an' gingerbread part o' th' wark weel enoof."

"Theau'd happen mak a mistake i' th' cakes an' o'," said Jerry, "an' if theau bake't thy cakes as hard as Jack o' th' Dingle's cheese wor, it'll be nowt bo brass thrown away."

"Wor it extry hard then?" asked Nan.

"Yoi. He kept a cheese an' bacon shop in Newton Lone, an' one day he're persuaded to buy three cheeses. He geet 'em chep enoof, bo he couldno' sell 'em fast enoof. He'r above two yer i' sellin one on 'em, an' th' two ut wor laft had gotten that hard ut he couldno' cut into 'em. He tried o' ut he could to get 'em off his hands at some price, bo nobody ud have ony truck wi' 'em. So at last he gan it up for a bad job. They stood on a shelf i' th' shop for ever so lung, till Jack geet tired o' lookin at 'em, an' he said to his wife one day, 'Mary, I ll tell thee what I'll do wi' these cheeses. There's nobody ll buy 'em, an' I conno give 'em away, bo they say n ut stown fruit is aulus th' sweetest, so I'll try if onybody ll steal 'em. I'll leyv one on 'em eautside th' shop dur to-neet by accident. I think some o' these neet depredators are sure t' pick it up. They'll ha' t' be parted wi' some way or other, for I'm tired on 'em. An' Jack laft one o' th' hard cheeses eautside tha neet, an' when he oppen't th' dur next mornin' it had gone, an he went back into th' shop laughin' an' sayin' ut he'd fun

somebody ut wor bigger foo's than he took 'em for. Th' next neet he laft tuther cheese eaut, an' went to bed rejoicin ut he'd getten shut o' booath on 'em. When dayleet coom again Jack couldno' sleep ony lunger, so he geet up an' oppen't th' shop dur, an' th' fust thing ut he seed wor booath o' th' cheeses waitin on him! I'stead o' takin' th' second th' robbers had browt th' fust back again, an' ther 're a papperpasted on one on 'em ut said they wor very mich oblig't to him for offerin' 'em. 'His kindness,' th' note said, 'had made mooar impression on 'em than they could make on th' cheese. They broke two axes wi'tryin to get a piece off, an' they'd worn o th' teeth eaut of a circular saw wi' it, an' th' next time he laft ony cheese eautside o' th' dur would he oblige 'em by lyevin' summat strong enoof t' cut into it at th' same time. They advis't him t' sell it to owd Cash, at th' smithy, for a anvil, for it wur th' hardest piece o' stuff ut they'd ever seen."

"An' does t' expect me to believe o' that rigmarole?" asked his wife, laughing.

"Theau con believe what theau likes," replied Jerry, "bo when he did sell 'em at last, they coom in for a queer purpose."

"What wor that?" asked Nan.

"Grindstones," answered Jerry, "an' rare good uns they made. Owd Cash wouldno' have 'em for anvils, because they'd no ring in 'em, an' blacksmiths like workin' to music."

"An' what's o' that to do wi' me bakin' cakes an' gingerbread?"

"Why, theau sees, if theau maks thy cakes as hard as Jack's cheeses wor they'll be too smo' for grindstones, an' only fit for macadam," was the quiet reply of Jerry.

"Well, doest'no' think for fear o' these mistakes happenin' ut theau'd better goo back to thy lapstone, though that may no' be quite as hard as one o' Jack o' th' Dingle's cheeses?" said Nan.

And we suppose Jerry did think so, for the shopkeeping discussion was adjourned *sine die*.

LITTLE DICK.

BY "UNCLE OWDEM."

EAWR little Dick is very ill,
Aw conno' think he'll dee!
An yet aw'm freet'nt 'at he will
Be ta'en away fro' me.

His face is wizz'n't down to nowt,
 It is no' like his own ;
 His little body, once so stout,
 Is gone to skin and bone.

His bonny een are sunken in ;
 It ma'es him look ra' an' queer :
 But o 'at wi con do wi win,
 To keep him langer heer.
 An' if he just poos through this time
 Aw'll keep him eawt o' th' cowl
 For if he lives, yon lad o' mine
 Will comfort me when owd.

Time after time when aw've looked on
 His little prattlin' face,
 Aw've picturt him a grown-up-mon,
 An' in his fayther's place.
 Mun o mi hopes, then, bi destroyed,
 It ma'es my heart feel sad ;
 Mun o his things be thrown aside.
 'At made his young heart glad ?

His pratty cheer 'at stonds i' th' nook,
 His coat and senglet, too,
 His satchel, slate, an' spellin' book,
 He ta'es wi' him to schoo' ;
 His drum an' trumpet, bat an' bo.
 His whistle made o' tin.
 Beside his little box an' o.
 He saves his hawp'nies in ?

When sickness comes it ma'es one feel,
 An' laves a bitter sting ;
 Bur Winter has its use as weel
 'As Summer an' as Spring ;
 An' if we had no grief an' care,
 An' wynt, an' cleawds, an' rain—
 Iv th' sky wur awlus blue un' fair,
 Wi should no' like it th' same.

It's hard for tender plants, aw know,
 To live through storms and sheaw'rs,
 But if they manage to get through o,
 They'n bear the better fleaw'rs.
 Wi' tears mi e'en are growin' dim,
 Aw'll kneel me deawn an' pray ;
 An' while ther's life aw'll hope in Him
 'At's able t' spare or ta'e.

THE SWALLOWED SIXPENCE.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

"Thou art gone from my gaze!"
MODERN SONG.

"Fare thee well; and if for ever,
Then, for ever fare thee well!"
BYRON.

"THAT'S a corker!" said Enoch o' Twilter's, as he stood in front of a pork-shop window, with his eyes fixed upon a sucking-pig, with a red-cheeked apple in it's mouth. "That's a corker!" said he, laying his hand upon his waistcoat and staring right at the pig—which seemed as if it would have laughed but for the gag in its mouth. He stood stock still, looking at the pig—and yet he did not see it. Although his gaze was fixed upon that well-scraped porkling, with the red-cheeked emblem of the fall of man in its jaws, his thoughts were evidently in some other quarter. There was a "yonderly" look about his eyes which showed that his mind had been suddenly concentrated upon something which had taken place in his inside. . . . The butcher stood in the door-way, beating time with his thwittle, and humming—

Frisk it, frisk it, frisk it, lads,
Frisk it while you're able;
Cheepin' layrocks round the board,
An' plenty upo' th' table.
Crack your jokes, an' let 'em leet,
Sly deception scornin';
Prank it out wi' glee to-neet,
An' strike to wark i' th' mornin'!

Till, catching sight of Enoch gazing at the pig in the window, he stepped from the threshold and said—

"Come, Enoch, let's sell tho that pig."

Enoch woke up from his dream, and, turning round, he replied—

"The dule tak' th' pig!"

The butcher looked at the pig to see what ailed it. But that innocent suckling seemed to smile a kind of bland smile upon the man who had dealt its death-blow, as if to assure him that it was contented with its fate. The pig was all right. So the butcher turned to Enoch again, and said—

"What's up?"

"Up," replied Enoch; "nay—it's down?"

"What's down, then?"

"I've just swallowed sixpence," replied Enoch.

The butcher's eyes glided to the lowmost button of Enoch's waistcoat, as if he thought that the sixpence might have lodged somewhere about that spot, and then his eyes wandered back to Enoch again.

"Swallowed sixpence," said he. "Expensive diet, owd lad! Has some doctor recommended it?"

"Not he!" replied Enoch. "Th' doctor would ha' swallowed th' sixpence hissel', an' he'd ha' gan me some Spanish-juice an' wayter. It would ha' done me moor good, too."

"It would, owd lad," said the butcher. "But there are complaints that nought but money can cure."

"Aye, there are," said Enoch, "an' I'm troubl't wi' 'em sometimes. But money's a mak o' physic that shouldn't be takken in'ardly."

"Well, neaw," replied the butcher, "it makes things awk'ard, for sure. I thought bi th' look o' thi face that summat ail't tho."

"Summat will ail me, I doubt, afore I get rid o' this," said Enoch, laying his hand upon his waistcoat again. "I begin to feel short o' breath neaw."

"Well," answered the butcher, "if thae rt short o' breath, thae'rt noan short o' brass, owd lad—as lung as that sixpence stops i' thi inside."

"Well," replied Enoch, "one may as well be short o' breath as short o' brass, for ought I know. But, then, what's o' th' brass i' th' world to a mon that cannot get his breath? If I wur ram-jam full o' sixpences I shouldn't feel comfortable."

"I don't think thae would," said the butcher. "I shouldn't mysel'. . . . But what didto swallow it for? Arto layin' by for th' rent, or summat?"

"Am I hectum as like," replied Enoch.

"I thought not," said the butcher.

Just then the butcher saw an acquaintance passing by, and, laying his hand upon Enoch's shoulder, he cried out—

"Heigh, Joe; gi' me change for this chap here! He's sixpence in his inside!"

"Cut him oppen!" replied Joe. And on he went, laughing.

"Now, then," said Enoch to the butcher, "thae doesn't need to tell o' th' world, if I *have* swallowed a sixpence. Thae'll have 'em borin' holes into me if they catchen me asleep!"

"Thou'rt reet," replied the butcher, "let's keep it to ersels (ourselves)."

"I doubt I shall have to do that," said Enoch.

"It'll happen breed," said the butcher.

"Ay," replied Enoch, "it'll breed a disturbance."

"Wur it a good 'un?" asked the butcher.

"Never a better," replied Enoch.

"Well, then, it should pass. . . . But, how didto get it down?"

"It went down itsel'," replied Enoch. "I couldn't help it."

"How so?"

"Well, thae sees," replied Enoch, "I wur comin' straight to this shop for a pound o' black puddin's, wi' th' sixpence i' my mouth, an' as soon as I seed that pig i' th' window theer, it set me agate o' laughin', an', o at once, down went my sixpence!"

"Well done, Enoch!" cried the butcher. "I've tow'd thee mony a time to save a bit o' brass, an' thae's done it at last! It's th' fust time I ever knew thee lay aught by for a rainy day."

"That bit s safe enough, as long as it stops where it is, as how," replied Enoch.

"It is, owd lad," said the butcher. "Thae'rt a mon o' property now, go where thae will."

"Well, I've a bit o' summat to fo' back on, haven't I?" replied Enoch.

"Thae has, owd lad," continued the butcher. "Thae rt like a walkin' purse. If I were thee, I'd swallow a thripenny bit, and three owd penny pieces, now, an' then thae'll have a shillin's worth o' change i' thi inside. Beside, thae'd jingle as thae walked, like a bell-wether."

"Well, it's noan so mony folk that gets their inside line't wi' silver, is it?" replied Enoch.

"Nawe, it isn't, owd lad," said the butcher. "Thae'rt like rollin'-stock on a railroad, now."

"Ay," replied Enoch, "that's o' very weel, as far as it gwas; but how mun I manage for th' puddin's? . . . Yo'n be like to trust me a pound, now. Yo known that sixpence is yo'rs—if ever it comes to th' leet again."

"Aye, aye," said the butcher; but it'll happen stop where it is."

"Well, yo known where to find it," replied Enoch.

"Ay," answered the butcher; "I could say so if it were at th' bottom of a coal pit."

"Well," continued Enoch, "every time that I pass this dur yo'n know that it's yo'r sixpence thot's gooin' by; so it's as safe as th' bank."

"Ay," said the butcher; but it'll nobbut pay poor interest, as long as it stops where it is. But, then—there is ways o' bringin' it to th' leet again."

"So there is!" cried Enoch.

"Aye, aye," said the butcher; "but, then, it would happen cost aboon sixpence. But, here, come thi ways. Thae shall hae some puddin's, let it leet as it will. There's a bit o' summat good in tho at last. Come thi ways in!"

E A W R R A L P H.

BY "UNCLE OWDEM."

EIGHT shillin' ! is this o thae's browt,
Aw conno' think heaw thae con hond ? ;
For sich a lad as thee it's nowt,

An' raylly, Ralph. aw winno' stond it.

Thae'rt strung enoof to worch aw'm sure.

To keep thysel' thae's never striven;

An' iv thae conno' bring in moor,

'T were better thee an' me were riven.

Tha knows we mun ha' summat t' ate,

Whatever comes, whatever gooas;

Thy wage it barely finds thee mate,

Say nowt abeaut thi club and clooas.

Thy clogs re gone to th' cloggin', too,

An' like thysel', thi shoon want mendin' ;

This mak o' wark 'll never do,

It's gettin time ther wur an' endin'.

Aw'd liefer things went smooth as glass,

Aw dunno' want t' have any bother ;

Aw'm willin' thae should ha' some brass

To ware, as weel as ony other.

But then aw conno' see mi way.
 For once mi wits 're farely bretten ;
 Ther s t' rent, an' t' lays, an' o' to pay.
 Aw conno do 't wi' what wi gotten.

At first onset theaw started wrung—
 Thae should ha gan thi een to savin'—
 Thae'd never harken to mi tongue,
 When aw used t' sit at hond-loom wavin',
 Theaw geet hee notions i' thi yed,
 An' when aw tried a bit o' taychin',
 Theaw awlus leyfed it off an' said
 Thae did no' want to yer my praychin'.

A silver watch an' guard thae geet ;
 They'rn never made for th' like o' thee, mon ;
 A pocket should be very weet,
 Or else sich things 'll pump it dree, mon.
 An' then, thae's awlus liv d so nee
 To th' church, a watch thae never wanted,
 For th' clock i' th' steeple thae could see
 Fro' th' dur, an' yer it when it chanted.

That jackass an' that cart thae bowt
 When o' th' mind wur bent o' cartin',
 Thae sowd 'em to a loss, aw doubt,
 Aw said thae would do when thae'r startin'.
 An so thae's shafflet day bi day,
 An' never sav't a single farthin' ;
 Eur thrown thi bit o' brass away,
 Till neaw thae sees we're welly starvin'.

Thae'rt ready t' look abeat thysel'
 For odd jobs thae con get some ale wi' ;
 To th' dingin'. too, o' th' feyer bell,
 Thi legs an' limbs 'll never fail thi.
 Nowe, nowe, no fear but what thae'rt reet,
 As lung as th' liquor follows pumpin' ;
 An' oft i' th' morn, afore it's leet,
 Thae'rt round wi' th' "knocker-up" a thumpin'.

Aw've yerd thee talk abeawt a lass,
 Thae knows reet weel thae conno' keep her ;
 Theaw never mun get wed. bi th' mass !
 Or else thae'll find thi trouble deeper.
 Go larn to worch, then, think an' feel—
 Neaw just look at thi cousin Jamie ;
 While sich as him 're wick an' weel,
 If aw'r a lass aw'd never ha' thi.

Thae'd better get a gradely shop,
 An' stick to't when thae's gotten howd on't ;
 Aw'll tell thi this, thae ll never stop
 Iv t' ever starts o' lookin' coud on't.

Thi yed an' heart mun boath begin,
 An' closely wedded feyt together;
 No good 'il ever come o' him
 'At conno' brave o sorts o' weather.

Afore he deed thi fayther said—
 "Thae'll do no good, mi lass, wi' blackin',
 Von lad has summat lose i' th' yed.
 Or else its very wrung i' th' mackin'."
 An' neaw bi th' mon it met bi true,
 For what aw think aw conno' smother,
 Thae's awlus acted like a foo'.
 An' never tried for t' help thi mother.

Eh, Ralph! theaw owt to do thi best—
 Aw'm sorry t' say thae never awses!
 Wi one above iv thae'd be blest.
 He'd help thi t' conquer o thy crosses.
 Come wipe thi een, nor be so marr'd.
 It's nobbo' childer start o' skrikin';
 In life's hard race heawever hard,
 A mon may win iv he's a likin'.

Aw've done. Aw'm better neaw aw've toud
 What's bin a burden to mi heart, mon;
 God bless thee, lad, aw'm gerrin' owd
 An' very loath 'at we should part, mon.
 An' wi'n no 'casion t' do if theaw
 Wi' what aw ve said 'll nobbo' join in;
 Tho' th' cleawds 're hangin' o'er us neaw,
 Aw'm sartin th' sun 'll soon be shinin'.

A TALE OF A FELLY AW KNOW.

BY ROBERT POLLITT.

A W con tell yo' a tale of a felly aw know,
 It'll nobbud tak up an odd minnit or so;
 He're a soft-hearted chap as 'ud not hurt a flea,
 Choose heaw—not as lung as they'd let him a-be.
 He wouldn't ha'—why he'd a shrimp of a wife,
 An' hoo dusted his cooat every day of his life—
 Ay! his Sunday cooat, too, when it coom to its turn,
 Till hoo one day fun' eaut as hoo'd summat to larn.

He wur every inch o' six foot. I'll go bail.
 An' a lumberin' bargain fro' toppin' to tail;
 An' for o' his soft favvour he could just tak an' twist
 A fire-potter double wi' th' turn o' his wrist.

An' aw ne'er wur mooar capt wi' a thing i' my life.
 Than wi' seein' this chap gettin' lickt wi' his wife;
 An' he seet theer grinnin' as mitch as for t' say
 "It'll keep thee fro' mischief, lass—pepper away!"

Well, it happened a thisn—one Monday—aw deaut,
There 're a collier passin' by th' 'eend o' their fowt ;
When this felly aw know's wife wur dressin his nob.
An' th' collier seemt oppen for that sort o' job,

For he said to this felly aw know's wife—"Howd on
Aw con help yo' belike t' fettle off your owd mon."
An' this felly aw know said, "Well, let s stick to rules,
One at once is fairation—Bet—lay down thy tools,

Thou con rest thee a minnit."—It wurn't much mooar
Afore this here collier were flat upo' th' floor.
An' he said to this felly aw know—"That'll do !
Will ta just heave me up, lad. an' co me a foo'?"

An' this collier said as he put on his hat,
"Dost ta oft let yon lass dress thy jacket like that?"
An' this felly aw know said—"Ay, dost no theau see,
It's a pleasure to her, an' it doesn't hurt me.

When hoo's gradely i' yearn'st hoo con just put me straight,
An' keep me fro' spoilin for want of a feight ;
An' it's but at odd times, as it might be just now,
As aw ever feel th' want of a bit of a row.

Now this felly aw know's wife had budged out o' seat
An' hoo ne'er laid a hond on him after that neet ;
An' as for this collier, aw might as weel tell,
Aw'd a dust wi' this felly aw know once mysel'.

It wur through that aw'd known him but one thing's quite clear
Aw'll never again wi' such jobs interfere :
An' aw'll do bout my next friend o th' days o' my life.
If I'm bound to be thrashed for-assistin' his wife:

TH' OWD BEGGAR AN' HIS DOG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY HENRY GANNON.

WHAT, Seven an' Sixpence to pay for th' owd dog !
Nay, stroike me deead as stiff as a log !
Whoy, what dun they meean those cussed police,
As they awse a poor devil loike me for to fleec ?

Aw've getten no brass, aw've getten no breed.
Aw'm sick at heart, an' aw wish aw wor deead !
Aw'm nowt bur lumber, aw m weary an' owd,
An' livin'—means deein' o' hunger an' cowl.

When fost aw fell sick, an' hard times coom apace,
Who wor it as showed a compassionate face ?
An' when i' this woide world aw stood aw alone
Who wor it as thrut in his lot wi' mi' own ?

Who wor it as cheer't me when th' spirits wor low?
 Who wor it as warm't me i' frost an' i' snow?
 An' when we'n bin hungry, wi' nob'dy to help,
 Who wor it as bided wi' never a yelp?

Bur it's welly o' up, lad, wi' thee an' me.
 Owd toyke. we mun part - it's beaund to be,
 Loike me, th' art sick an' owd, an' it's hard,
 Bur aw mun dreawn thee—aye. that s thi reward!"

Aye. that's thi reward after service done!
 Bur it's same wi' mony a mother's son—
 Odd rot it! aw ve fowten through thin an' thick,
 Bur aw niver played Marwood yet sin aw're wick

Bur aw've gotten th' noose an' th' stone aw've fun,
 An' th' waither's theer, an' it mun be done—
 Come here, owd varmint, but look tother hont,
 It's o'er in a jiffy, tha ll know nowt on t.

An' when he wor fixin' th' noose in its place,
 An' th' owd dog lick't his honds an' his face,
 He snatched it back wi' a sudden sheaut,
 An' reaund his own wizzant he wun it abeaut

An' he run to the river wi' cusses woid
 An' he plunged i' th' stream as bubblat an' boiled,
 As bubblat an' boiled an' splashed upo' th' shore,
 An' then a few rings—an' o were o'er.

Th' dog tried to save him wi' mony a howl,
 An' he wakken't th' boatman wi' yelp an' yowl,
 An' he pood an' he whined. an' he pood 'em to th' shore,—
 Bu' when they fun th' beggar his troubles were o'er.

So they buriat him theer i' th' gloamin' tide.
 An' th' owd dog followt, an' whined an' cried;
 Then stretched his owd limbs uppo' th' upturned sond
 An' followt his master to th' shadowlond!

THE LOAD FROM OFF MY MIND IS TAKEN

BY "UNCLE OWDEM."

TH' little brids were gan o'er singin'
 Th' sun wur sinkin' deawn i' th' west,
 Th' hummin' bees were tired wi' stingin',
 An' o' areawnd wur hushed to rest
 When aw stepped into th' lone fro' th' cot,
 To meet my lass at th' promised spot.
 Donned i' mi Sunday clooas an' shoon,
 As aw went merrily alung;
 Aw tried to whistle mony a tune,
 An' then aw tried to sing a sung.
 But now! aw could no' drive away
 That summat on mi mind 'at lay.

Aw felt ra' an' queer ; aw butt'nt up
 Mi cooart to keep mi courage in.
 Aw code i' th' aleheawse geet a sup,
 Wha made me feel i' better trim.
 Bur yet aw could no' be at rest
 For th' load hung heavy on mi breast.

No sanner wur aw geet to th' well,
 For that wur th' place wheer we wur t' meet,
 Then aw could see her pratty sel'
 Come trippin'ly along so leet.
 My heart—eh ! heaw it did bur jump—
 Aw felt it gooin' thump a thump.

Soon wi wur walkin' side bi side,
 Though rather pottert just at fust ;
 Wi' feelin's full ov honest pride
 Mi heart wur welly fit to bust,
 Mi courage, too, oych minute strunger,
 Eawt coom wot aw could keep no lunger !

We sit us deawn i' th' woodlan' dell,
 Aw axed her iv hoo'd e'er be wed ;
 Hoo said hoo really could no' tell,
 An' smiled an' hung her pratty yed.
 Thiuks aw - bi th' mon ! come, here's a sign,
 An' neaw or never is the time.

So while her yed wur hangin' low,
 Aw seed it would be nowt amiss,
 So aw put mi yed deawn an' o,
 An' stole away a bonny kiss.
 Eh ! heaw hoo blushed no tongue con tell,
 For aw could hardly see mysel'.

As we walked on linked arm i' arm,
 Aw hardly know neaw what aw said ;
 For when a mon is under th' charm,
 He says what comes fust i' his yed,
 No matter whether wrung or reet,
 As lung as th' words are soft an' sweet.

At last aw showed her th' ring, an' sed,
 " Wilt ha' me, lass ?—do le' me know,
 Iv theaw wilt come to th' church an' wed,
 An' live with me through weal an' woe ? "
 Hoo said nowt, but aw wur content,
 For silence awlus gi'es consent.

Before we parted on that neet,
 Aw promised iv hoo would be mine,
 To mak' her life o smooth an' sweet,
 An' lead her thro' o th' rain an' fine,
 Then th' weddin' day aw geet her t' name,
 An' th' load from off my mind wur ta'en,

A MILISHO COMPANY.

(FROM "TH' MILISHO PAPPERS UV OBADIAH HEZEKIAH JEREMIAH JODDRILL.")

BY J. T. STATON.

A W belunged to Captain Germon's company; a chap ut put up for Preston at th' last elecshun, un that, so awm tow'd, did a bolt when th' pollin' had nobbut bin gooin' on two heawrs. That wurnt a military trick, wur it? It would herdly do for him t' repeat th' process if th' French should put in an appearance. We generally parade facin' Nashunal Skoo, i' Aynum Lone; un after th' serjunts have lookt at us un fun us aw reet—at any rate, as far as their skill un ee-seet ul let um—we're mercht off to th' barricks at Fulwood for eawr day's drill, un as there's no cook-shops or prato-pie wareheawses i' Fulwood, un as th' men o' th' 50th Regulars couldn't condescend to rub shilders at th' mess table wi wot they proneawnced to be a "multitude o' muffs," we take eawr dinners wi' us i' canvas wallets, ut fasten wi' a button, un are slung at eawr soides by tapes ut goo reawnd eawr necks. At fust aw thowt theese wallets wur for t' put eawr pocket hankichers in, so that they'd be hondy in case any on us should want eawr noses dreign. Un aw mun say that they'd ha' bin rare an' useful, for when we're at drill, wi' th' weather bein so cowl, mon, some on us swat mooast terribly at th' nose eend. Th' fust mornin ut we met for parade, it took a very lung toime to get us aw reet, for aw think there wurnt a hawve-a-duzzen i' aw th' company but had gotten oather their stocks or their caps on cruckt'. Tawkin abeawt eawr stocks, Joe, si'the, awd as lief be stuck i' th' stocks wi' my legs as have a soadiur's stock reawnd my neck. It's awful, mon, till theaw gets used to wearin' it—that is till thy chin gets segged—speshully if theaw'rt ta'en wi' a sneezin' beawt. We'n one man i' th' company cawd David; he's as thin as a colour pow, as cruckt as a sickle—hump-backt at th' front, loike a keaw-cumber—un skens wuss than a deein' magpie. He akeawnts for his skennin' i' this fashion. He says that when he wur a little un, his mother had a lass to nurse him, so that hoo could goo eawt to th' factory un do a bit o' wark; un as th' wench wurnt fond o' awlws havin him in her arms, but mooar o' th' tother a greight deol, hoo used t' set him in his cheor, un put him a cap on that had a bob hangin deawn th' front, wi a very little bell

fastent to it, for him t' amuse hissel' wi'. Un it mut pleos him, for he says he keawrt as mitch as a couple o' beawrs at wonst playin wi' th' bob un th' bell. Th' upshot wur that he wur afflicted wi' an incurable squint. Theaw may just imagine into wot a skew-wift state his een had gotten into when aw tell thee that if he wur keawt on yoar heawsestone, theaw'd think he wur lookin at th' oon wi one eye, ut at th' beigler wi' th' other. We tried an experiment on him one day wi' a watch un a clock hung facin' one another, th' clock bein' forty-four minutes behind th' watch. We blointfowded him th' fust, then set him on a cheor i' th' middle o' th' floor, un when th' bandage wur ta'en off, witheaut movin' his yed at aw, he thrut one optic at th' clock, un th' other at th' watch, un towd reet off wot time it wur eggssactly by booath. His skin is a very quare colour, too. It favvurs to me as if he'd doined off nowt but turf or traiklecake, un had had milk un loaf, seosont wi' soot un sweetnt wi' Spanish jooce, for his breighkfust un baggins. When the serjunt coom to him t' examine him un foind eawt if aw wur reet un square, he pottert for a bit abeawt his stock un cap, and then he says—

"Neaw, my mon, look me streight i' th' face, un turn yoar toes eawt a bit mooar."

David skenned herder by th' hawve when he did his best t' look streight, which caused a ruck on us to very near brast wi' titterin', un tryin' t' throttle a greight lowf.

"Order," cried th' serjunt; "we mun ha' no levvity heere, pleos; remember yoar on duty as servants uv Hur most grayshus Majesty; un your bizzness is sayrious."

"Da—vid, theaw'rt sayrious, aretn't!" cried eawt a chap to my reet.

Th' serjunt, who had his back tort him, whiskt reawnd as if he'rn a big top just jerted lose fro' th' streng, un lookt as mad as if somebuddy had catcht him i' th' yerhole wi' a rotten egg, when another chap, to th' extreme left, cawd eaut, in a shrill, shroikin' sort uv a tone, summat between a crazy railway whistle un th' squeals uv a bull pup when it's had its toes trodden on, "Heigh, Da—vid, has thy mam any moore lads as good lookin' as thysel?" Th' serjunt whiskt reawnd back ogen, un bawl't eawt, "Soilence, *gentlemen*; bear in moind that you'r not heere to lerk."

We could noan on us howd fro' titterin', notwithstondin' th' serjunt's wapish looks; for titterin's like th' itch un gapin,

it's terribly catchin'. But we tried eawr best, un just as we wur screwin' up eawr meawths to look sayrious, another chap cawd eawt—"Da—vid, wot ull t' tak' for thy rowin'-pins when theaw's done merchin'?"

"Soilence!" cried the serjunt, grippin' his fists, knittin' his broo, un stampin' his foot. "This is railly ungentlemonly, un carn't be allowed."

He'd hardly getten th' words eawt uv his meawth afore another heyro bawkt eawt—"Da—vid, did't ever use thy een for corkscrews?"

Th' serjunt neaw seemt to ha lost aw his temper, un as if his blood were lobberin' up to th' beighlin' peignt, un lookin' as savage as if he wur gooin' t' cut one on us up into junks un eat him, he cried, "If aw foind it eawt hoo sheawts ogen in this disgraceful way, aw'll make an example on him. D'ye hear?"

"Aye, we yer'n yoa, owd muzzled face," cried a mon i' th' rear rank; un before th' serjunt had toime to blurt another word eawt, my next dur neybur, who chew'd 'bacco, took a noice juicy quid fro his meawth, un, takkin' straight aim, catcht David reet o'er th' cheek wi' it, cawin' eawt at th' same toime, "Da—vid, tell th' serjunt to put that in his poipe an' smook it."

David wapt his hont up to his cheek, as if he'd had a sudden winge o'th' tooth-warch, un then, squintin' reaund abeawt, un pooin' a face abeaut as honsome as one o' those images theaw's seen on th' Manchester Owd Church, he says, in a hawve-cryin tone, "Now, dang it, chaps, dunnot. Behave yoarsels; or, by gum aw'll tickle some o' yar shins wi' th' soft eend o' my shoot."

"Waw, Da—vid," cried another chap, "does t' think theaw could see t' pur streight?"

This little bit uv a scene wur mboar than th' serjunt could bear up ogen; for he brasted eawt o' lawfin, as if he'd had a monster guffaw caged up for a time, un it had just brokken lose, un leopt into th' air, rejeighcin' at its freedom.

"Haw! haw! haw!" went David, mockingly, "wot con you foine t' lowf at? Some on yo' ull have a foine seet mooar o' summat t' lowf at by-un-by, or else yoa'll be lucky. Haw! haw! haw! Eh! eh! eh! Ho! ho! ho!"

By th' mons', he wur reet; for just at th' minnit he spied one o' th' chaps with his meawth woide oppen, indulgin' at

his expense in a gapin' lowf, un aiming very streight, he sent th' owd bacco quid thwack into it. Then we aw fot up a bigger lowf than ever, un David jeignt i' th' chorus, settin' his honds up ov his knees, un then howdin' his soides, as if he wur feert o' brastin'; un as his lowfin' mended his skennin', he just browt to my moind one o' thoose unearthly phissogs ut one meets wi' i' th' pantomimes at Kesmus. When we'd had eawr lowf eawt, th' serjunt declared that he'd letten us go as fur as he could, un so we'd better t' begin un pay atten-shun to eawr duties. If he catcht any on us lowfin' agen, he'd report us to th' officer, un get eawr pay stopt as a punishment.

"Abbut, owd lad," cried another chap i' th' reor rank, "if theaw stops my pay, awst hie me off whoam ogen, un leov thee un th' officers t' drill one another."

Th' serjunt seed uz it wur no use botherin' us any fur just then, so he contented hissel wi' gettin' us as square un as streight as he could, un mercht us up to th' barricks, wheere we wur jeignt by th' tother companies; an' when we'd gotten aw pieced up, a naybob uppo tit-back coom o' inspectin' us.

"Heere, you sir," he cried to one, "stond streight, will you, un don't lean so on one soide."

"Aw cannot stond any streighter," says th' chap; "aw geet th' dick doloroo i' my hips when aw were a little un, un aw've stood cruckt ever sin."

"Serjunt," says th' inspector, "attend to that mon, please, un make him stond erect."

Th' serjunt tried his best. but th' chap gien him an asshurance that it wur aw to no use; th' age o' merrikles wur past. "Besoides," he said, "it's dangerous to come too near my reet leg; it's sometimes ta'en wi' a sort uv a twichin', loike as if it had a fit uv St. Voitus' doance; un if it wur t' get agate o' see-sawin' whoile yoa wur abeawt it, it met, at a very short noatis, put a quare sensashun into yoar shins."

Th' serjunt towd him not to be tryin' on any jokes, for it wouldn't do. He'd make him howd his leg streight afore a week wur o'er.

"If thea does," said th' chap, "un theaw'll goo back wi' me to Blegburn, aw'll put thi i' th' way o' carryin' on a roarin' trade as a cripple doctor, un cherge thee nowt oather for my pay-tronage or a loicence."

The serjunt turnt away, thinkin' aw dar say, that he'd gotten a pratty lot o' customers to mould into soadiurs; un as he did so th' inspector coom up. When he geet o'er anent David he lookt at him a bit, un then said, "Now, my man, don't be looking down the yard; look at me."

"Aw am lookin' at you," said David, giving his nose a quare twitch, to which he wur subject when roused.

"You are not," said the inspector.

"Aw tell yo' aw am," onsert David, pettishly; "aw'm lookin' straight at yoa."

"I say you are not," said th' inspector; "you are staring right at those soldiers opposite."

"Well, well," cried David, "caw me a liar at wonst, un ha' done wi' it. You'll not be th' fust chap ut's cawd me by that name."

Th' inspector wur beawn t' say summat savage in onswer to this, but th' serjunt put his motty in un towed him that David couldn't look ony straighter; he'd a defect in his een.

"Aye," cried a chap i' th' rear rank, "they'r built on th' skew bridge brinciple; un he con see booath eends oath day at wonst."

Th' inspector lookt as if he could put abeawt two inches uv his surd into th' chap if he could spot him eawt, but he took a second thowt, un turnin' to th' serjunt he said, "Why didn't he tell me then, at first, that he had a bobliquaty av vishun."

Aw'll not be sure abeawt that herd word, but if it wurn't as aw've spelt it, it wur summat very loike it.

Th' inspector then went forrud wi' his werk, un he fun a foine seet mooar fawts than fourpenny pieces. Some wur too mitch duck-breasted; some wur as knock-a-kneed as a triangle; some wur as cruckt-shinned as King Dick; some wur mathumatical-footed—they descroibed a hauve a circle eawtarts wi' their toes; some when they wawkt, went foive o'er foive, loike cockatoos; some carried one shilder abeawt six inches nar to th' sky than th' other; some hutched their chins i' their neckholes, un look't for aw th' world as if they wu' bein' throttled; some had wry necks, some wry meawths, un some had their buddies set awry awtogether; some lookt as pale as chawk, others as brown as a door mat, un some as red as bull beef. One mon had a greight wart on th' end uv his nose, which some o' th' men said he kept there for th' fleas to woipe their feet on afore they set um deawn on any

other pert of his lovely keawtenance. Another had a red lump under his left eye, summat loike a plum; another lookt like as if his face had bin pepperet wi' pellets; un there wur fifty or sixty ut had their faces ornamented wi' penky-pot hondles and grog blossoms. Then, awr speech didn't awtogether gie satisfacshun. One man tawkt through his nose, un when th' inspector asked him why he hadn't cleon't his shoon, he says—"Because awd do blackid, un ad dowt to beigh doad wi." "Why," said th' inspector, "what did you do with the day's pay you got last night?" "Waw," he onswert, "awd two glasses o' rub, four pedduth o' oysters, ud a pedduth o' sduff." One mon stutted so awfully that they dursn't ax him any questions, for fear he met wroithe his neck eawt o' th' jeighnt wi' tryin t' get his words eawt. Another tawkt sitch strung Darrun that th' serjunt said they should be loike to enter him on th' books as a forriner, and send up to Lunnon for an interpreter. Awtogether, aw should say that we'd abeawt tharty ut stutted; un abeawt th' same number ut lispt. When th' serjunt axt one mon wot he wur dooin' wi his wallet upo' th' rung soide, his onswer wur—"Waw, aw thowt it would do ath weel, if not better, on that thoide, becauthe, you theen, awm lift-honded; un it would de dalled awkurt twithtil methel abeawt to get at it."

Aw may say at a word, abeawt eawr speech, that there wur herdly one i' aw th' ridjiment ut could potter eawt awt loike gradely English; but a chap had th' impidence to tell me, Joe, that this wor nowt to wonder at, for a milisho ridjiment wur never meant to be made up o' men ut had bin refoined by eddicashun.

WILLY'S GRAVE.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

THE frosty wind was wailing wild,
 Across the moorland wold!
 The cloudless vault of heaven was bright
 With studs of gleaming gold;
 The weary cotter's heavy lids
 Had closed with closing day;
 And on his silent hearth a tinge
 Of dying firelight lay
 The ancient hamlet seemed asleep,
 Beneath the wintry sky;
 A little river, sheathed in ice,
 Came gliding gently by;

The old church in the grave-yard
 Where "the rude forefathers lay,"
 Stood, like a mother, waiting till
 Her children came from play.

No footsteps trod the tiny town ;
 The drowsy street was still ;
 Save where the wandering night-wind sang
 Its requiem wild and shrill
 The stainless snow lay thick upon
 Those quaint old cottage eaves ;
 And wreaths of fairy frost-work hung
 Where grew last summer's leaves.

Each village home was dark and still,
 And closed was every door ;
 For gentle sleep had twined her arms
 Around both rich and poor.
 Save in one little cot, where, by
 A candle's flickering ray,
 A childless mother sighing sat,
 And combed her locks of grey.

Her husband, and her children all,
 Were in the last cold bed.
 Where, one by one, she'd laid them down,
 And left them with the dead ;
 Then, toiling on towards her rest—
 A lonely pilgrim she—
 For God and poverty were, now,
 Her only company

Upon the shady window-sill,
 A well-worn Bible lay ;
 Against the wall, a coat had hung
 For many a weary day ;
 And on the scanty table top—
 With crumbs of supper strewn—
 There stood, beside a porringer,
 Two little empty shoon.

The fire was waning in the grate ;
 The spinning-wheel at rest ;
 The cricket's song rang loudly in
 That lonely woman's nest ;
 As with her napkin, thin and worn,
 And wet with many a tear.
 She wiped the little pair of shoon
 Her darling used to wear.

Her widowed heart has often leaped
 To hear his prattle small,
 He was the last that she had left—
 The dearest of them all.

And, as she rocked her to and fro,
 While tears came creeping down,
 She sighed and cried "Oh, Willy love—
 These little empty shoon!"

With gentle hand she laid them by,
 She laid them by with care;
 For Willy, he was in his grave,
 And all her thoughts were there;
 She paused before she dropped the sneck
 That closed her lambless fold—
 It grieved her heart to bar the door.
 And leave him in the cold.

A thread-bare cloak she wrapped around
 Her limbs so thin and chill;
 She left her lonely cot behind,
 While all the world was still.
 And through the solitary night,
 She took her silent way,
 With weeping eyes, towards the place.
 Where little Willy lay.

The pallid moon had climbed aloft,
 Into the welkin blue;
 A snow-clad tree, across the grave,
 Its leafless shadow threw;
 And, as that mournful mother sat
 Upon a mound thereby,
 The bitter wind of winter sighed,
 To hear her lonely cry!

* * * *

My little Willy's cowl an' still—
 He's not a word for me!
 Th' last tiny leaf has dropt away
 Fro this owd withered tree!
 Oh, my poor heart! He's gone! He's gone!
 Aw'm lonely under th' sky!
 He'll never clip my neck again,
 An' tell me not to cry!
 My darlin' lad! He's laid i' th' dust!
 My little Willy's dead!
 An' o that made me care to live,
 Lies in his frosty bed!
 He's gone! He's gone! My poor bare neest!
 Oh, what's this world to me?
 My little love; aw'm lonely neaw;
 When mun aw come to thee?
 He's crept into his last dark nook,
 An' left me pinin' here!
 An' never moor his two blue een
 For me mun twinkle clear!

He'll never say his prayers again
 At his poor mammy's knee !
 Oh, Willy ; oh, aw'm lonely now ;
 When mun aw come to thee ?

* * * *

The snow-clad yew-tree stirred with pain
 To hear that plaintive cry ;
 The old church listened ; and the spire
 Still pointed to the sky ;
 With kindlier touch the wintry wind
 Played in her locks of grey ;
 And the queenly moon, upon her head,
 Shone with a softened ray.

She rose to leave that lonely bed ;
 Her heart was grieving sore ;
 One step she took, and then, her tears
 Fell faster than before ;
 She turned and gave another look—
 One lingering look she gave—
 Then sighing, left him lying in
 His little snowy grave.

DUST TO DUST.

SUGGESTED BY HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON THE SKULL.

R ELIC o' some poor mortal's frame,
 Wheer life once held a busy place,
 Wheer glowing pride or blushing shame
 Alike enrich't a tell-tale face.
 Heaw sad a lesson, heaw severe,
 Thy empty form can taylor to man—
 Emblem of o his brief career
 When time has measure't eaut his span !

Here, once wor fix't a dimple't cheek,
 An' on this polish't bony creawn
 Grew curlin' honours, soft and sleek,
 I' bonny elf-knots hangin' deawn.
 Here, too, wor once a listenin' ear
 Ut fed a livin' soul wi seaund,
 Here should a busy tongue appear
 To scatter joke or music reawnd.

Here lips once used to kiss an' smile,
 An' here wur fix't two orbs o' leet,
 Extinguish't neaw—corrupt an' vile,
 An' plung t i' everlastin' neet.
 These darken't sockets' empty space
 Are sad to thoose ut yet con see,
 An' spreadin' glamour o'er the face
 Ut lives—bo' knows it lives to dee.

An' this spot once enclose't a brain,
 An' one ut might, i' ages fled,
 Ha' throbb'd wi' some poor poet's strain,
 Or some fresh trooth fro science bred.
 What wonders, work't by human will,
 Fro' this smo', hollow box. could flow?
 Here th' heause is laft, bo' wheer is th' skill
 Ut, while here dwellin', work't it o?

Man boasts o' bein' brave an' free,
 But o his braggin's finish't here :
 When his tale's towld, like this, he'll be
 Noan worth a churchyard saxton's care.
 This skull, perhaps, once a statesman's schemes
 For guilty wealth or peaw'r contained ;
 Wheer neaw are o his flatterin' dreams,
 An' wheer is th' wealth an' peaw'r he gained ?

Mayhap some struttin' actor bore
 This skull aloft wi' graceful pride,
 Bo' neaw his marlocks charm no more,
 New faces long han those supplied.
 Or, perhaps, wi' quips and quibbles fill'd,
 A lawyer's pate it once might be :
 I' shirkin' every claim though skill'd.
 He paid *one* debt—he'r force't to dee !

Or did some preaud young beauty's charms
 Adorn this bone wi' lovely red ?
 No longer reaused wi' coy alarms.
 Those bloomin' roses o are fled !
 A creawn these temples might ha' beawnd.
 An' subject theausands to it beaw'd.
 Neaw, undistinguish't here i' th' greawnd.
 Th' humblest may trample upo' th' preawd :

What cause han mortals, then, to boast
 O' fleetin' knowledge, wealth, or peaw'r ?
 When th' summons comes, earth's battle's lost
 An' o is gone i' one short heaw'r.
 We o mun pass this dreary road,
 To dust and silence—cowl and gloom,
 An' o men rest i' one abode,
 Eaur final dwellin' heause— a tomb !

OWD TIMES.

BY "UNCLE OWDEM."

D O. lass, draw thi cheer up to mine,
 An' try iv thae cannot sit still,
 Aw've axed thee neaw mony a toime—
 Tha'll worch till thae maes thyself ill ;

Thae's slavt lung enoof neaw, aw'm sure !
 So let som'dy else tak' thi place.
 Old time too has powdert thi yuic,
 An' made rare sad wark wi' thy face.
 Dost think, 'cose thi face may be owd,
 Dost think, 'cose those cherries are gone
 Fro' thi cheeks, aw could ever grow coud ?
 Thae cannot think so o' thi mon.
 As owder, aye prettier thae grows
 To me, an' aw love thee as weel
 As when, thae looked freysh as a rose,
 Aw met thee close deawn by th' owd steel.
 Thae knows on thoose warm summer neets,
 When th' sun moon, an' stars were o' gone,
 Thi cen aw used t' say were o' th' leets,
 'At leeted us up o' th' road whoam.
 An' time after time too, sin then,
 They'n proved noan sich bad leets to me ;
 Aw'd better say this, too, again,
 Aw've ne'er bin desateful to thee.
 If folk mun live t'gether so lung,
 They cannot expect o' t' go reet.
 Or life to jog smoothly alung,
 For after a day comes a neet ;
 An' iv one's felt hurt neaw an' then,
 An' cleawds han hung darkly o' eryl,
 They'n brocken i' sunshine again,
 An' dried up o' th' tears 'at they'n shed.
 Wilt onswer me this neaw—thae'll ceaw ?
 "What is it ? aw will iv aw con."
 Dost like me !—come, eawt wi' it neaw.
 "Get o', do, thea'rt havin' me on !
 Thea'rt leyfin' ; tak' that—thae sly cur—
 Neaw, Tummy lad. do le mi be."
 Thae'rt witchin' as ever thae wur,
 An' dearer an' sweeter to me.

A SLATE OFF.

BY J. BARNES.

WHEN Aaron Spriggs married Mrs. Dawson, who was
 a widow, and who kept the "Half-Way House,"
 not far from Middleton Old Road, his neighbours
 said that he had married "a foo'." Be that as it
 may, Aaron was satisfied with his bargain, as the public-
 house was a good one, and was doing a good and lucrative
 trade, albeit there was just a smattering of truth in the asser-
 tion of Aaron's acquaintances, as his *cara sposa*, who was fat,

fair, and considerably over forty, had the reputation of having what is generally termed "a slate off"; indeed, some went so far as to assert that she was "welly unroofed," and some of her idiosyncrasies seemed to more than warrant the conclusion.

She was especially great upon her culinary duties, and often showed a most marvellous eccentricity thereon; such as making broth, in which she put in everything necessary—except the beef; and boiling the pudding without the cloth, thereby converting the whole contents of the pan into a kind of improvised soup, or "hotch-potch." One day, Aaron, having occasion to visit the kitchen, surprised her in the act of sneezing violently.

"What's amiss, neaw?" he asked.

"Nowt—at Chew! at Chew! nowt partic'lar—a—a—at Chew!" was the spasmodic reply.

"What art sneezin' at, then?"

"Theau'd snee—e—at Chew! theau'd sneeze if theau'd—at Chew—if theau'd bin tryin' abeaut an heaur to put a lot o' pepper i' this box throo these little holes i' th' top—at Chew!"

"Why does t' no' poo th' lid off, theau yorney?" he said.

"Eh! aye, theaur't reet, Aaron, I'd forgotten o' abeaut th' lid," she said, "an' here I've bin sneezin' till I thowt top o' my yed ud ha' flown off."

"No fear o' that," said Aaron quietly; "that's welly o gone o ready."

"What dost t' say?" she demanded, sharply.

"Ne'er mind what I say," he said, "get on wi' thy wark, an' th' next time tha fills a pepper-box, tay th' lid off fust, an' then theau'll noan be i' danger o' sneezin' thy een eaut."

On another occasion he sent home a fine salmon, which she managed to boil and dish up to his satisfaction for Sunday's dinner; in fact, he liked it so well that he told her to procure another for the following Sunday. The second dish, however, did not please his palate as well as the first had done, so he remarked, as he pushed away his unfinished plate—

"This fish is noan haue as good as last Sunday's."

"Does t' think not?" she asked. "I conno' see ony difference."

"Ther's a greyt lot o' difference," he said; "this is noan fresh at o. Whear did theau get it fro'?"

His wife burst out laughing, and replied, after indulging in her mirth—

"An' theau coes me a foo'! Eh, Aaron, bo theau art done nicely this time; it's noan me ut's soft to-day, chus heaw."

"What art' drivin' at?" he asked.

"Why, theau says this salmon isno' as good as th' last."

"Aye, an' I say so yet," said Aaron.

"An' it's noan so fresh, eh?"

"Nawe, noan hauve as fresh."

Another burst of laughter aggravated Aaron, who demanded in an angry tone what she was laughing at.

"Why, it mun be as good as th' last, an' as fresh, too, for it's a part o' th' same fish. I saved th' hauve on it fro' last week to this, so who's th' foo' neaw?"

And though Aaron did not venture to tell his friends the story, it was too good for his wife to keep, so she told them how well she had proved herself no fool, but fixed the title for once upon her husband, and poor Aaron was glad to acknowledge that upon that occasion he had considerably the worst of the bargain.

Whilst in Manchester one day with a couple of friends who hailed from a neighbouring county, Aaron purchased a fine hare, and amidst considerable doubts as to his good lady's capabilities, or rather incapacities of doing justice to it, sent it home by the 'bus, with instructions to his wife to have it cooked by five o'clock, as he was bringing home some friends to dine at that time. After spending a few hours doing the "hions" with his country friends, they proceeded to Aaron's hostelry about the appointed time, with sharply-set appetites and the prospect of a tasty meal before them.

On reaching their destination, Aaron's first inquiry was connected with the expected meal. His query met with no response save a look of pity from his helpmate. He therefore repeated his question—

"Heaw long will th' dinner be?"

"Theau may weel ax that," she said, with a toss of her head.

"What's wrong neaw?" he asked.

"Theau may weel ax that, I tell thee," was the response, "when theau sends sich orders as theau sent."

"I conno' see what theau'rt drivin' at," said Aaron.

"Con t' no'? Bo theau knows, for o that.

"I'll be hanged if I do," he said in rising wrath.

"I did no' think ut theau'd ha' tried to may a foo on me afore strangers, Aaron. Bo then I reckon theau thinks it mays thee look clever."

"Whatever hast t' gotten i' thy yed? Theau mays *ihysel'* look soft," he said. "I've nobbut ax't thee heaw lung th' dinner 'll be."

"Theau knows very well how lung th' dinner 'll be," she said with some warmth, "when theau sends me summat like yon' to cook for thee."

A strange misgiving took possession of Aaron, he faltered out—

"Why, theau doesno' meean t' say ut theau has no' cook't it."

"Theau knows I haveno' cook't it. I've bin tryin o ut I could for th' last five or six heaurs to get it ready for cookin, bo theau owt to ha' sent it three or four days aforehont if theau wanted it doin' to-day."

"For th' life on me I conno' see thy drift;," said Aaron, "what ails th' hare?"

"Why, I tell thee I've bin mony a heaur at work on it, an' its noan hauve pluck't yet!"

And to complete the consternation of Aaron, and the enjoyment of his friends, she led the way into the kitchen and showed them the unfortunate hare, which presented the leonine appearance of a newly-shaven French poodle, the hinder half being completely denuded by the persevering attempts of Mrs. Spriggs to "pluck" it.

However, her eccentricities did not always tell to her disadvantage, but sometimes took an opposite form, and looked remarkably like shrewdness; for instance, amongst other injuncts to the Half-Way House was a large kitchen garden, and Aaron Spriggs had been long known as a prosperous grower of onions, and he usually sold his onions in a lot, as they stood in the ground, leaving the purchaser to take them up. He, however, happened to be from home one day when a purchaser came to bargain for the usual crop of onions, and after a short conversation with Mrs. Spriggs, concluded what he thought a good bargain with her, paying for them at once, and promising to come and take them next day. The next morning another purchaser made his appearance, again whilst Aaron was out,

and Mrs. Spriggs concluded a bargain with him also for the onion crop, and after settling her demand, he proceeded at once to the garden, and commenced rooting up the onions. Scarcely had he begun, however, when he was saluted by the voice of the former buyer, who had just entered the garden, with—

"Hallo, thear, what art' doin' wi' thoose onions?"

"I'm gettin' 'em up, doestno' see!" replied No. 2, working away.

"Who tow'd thee to meddle wi' 'em?" asked No. 1.

"Nob'dy; I've bowt 'em," said No. 2.

"Who hast' bowt 'em off?" asked No. 1.

"Off thoose ut own't 'em," said No. 2, never ceasing to work.

"Theau lies, nob'dy owns 'em bo' me, so theau'd better lyev 'em alone," said No. 1.

"We'd better goo into th' heause, an' see Aaron, i'stead o' fratchin' abeaut it here." And No. 2 put on his coat, and the pair walked into the house, where they found Aaron had just arrived. On hearing their rival claims to the onions, he called his wife out of the kitchen, when No. 2 asked—

"Didno' I pay yo' for yon onions this mornin' afore I started o' gettin' 'em?"

"Yoi, theau did," she said, "who says owt again it?"

"I do," said No. 1, "didno' I pay yo' for 'em yesterday?"

"Aye, to be sure theau did," she replied, "like a mon; an' let onybody touch thoose onions beside yo' two, an' see if I dunno' fettle 'em for it!"

Remonstrance was of no use, Mrs. Spriggs was imperturbable, and both parties went to work with a will to get as many of the desired roots as they could, well knowing that the known "eccentricity" of Mrs. Spriggs would tell against them in a case of dispute, as they had each taken advantage of Aaron's absence, to drive a cheap bargain with one who had a "slate off."

ISAAC AN' JENNY, "A WIFE'S FIRST LESSON."

VERSIFIED.

BY TOM KERSHAW.

THER'S lots o' yung chaps that get wed,
 Wi' notions that never suit wives;
 They think that a wife should be led,
 By what *they'n* seen done o' ther lives.

Should hoo but just chance to do aught
 That's diff'rent to th' rules o' ther mam,
 They're not at o slow to find fawt,
 An' then ten to one but ther's gam.

For women yo'n find are o fond
 O' actin' o' plans o' ther own ;
 They winnot be paddled bi th' hond,
 Like takin' a chylt eawt alone.

One mon fun this eawt. he did so.
 He'r just one o' th' mak to a tee ;
 He'd bin so ill marr'd. until lo !
 He rayley wur spoilt, dun yo' see.

His neighbours o co'ed him "th' soft lad,"
 But Isaac yo' known, wur his name ;
 An Jenny they co'ed hur he wed,
 Or Jane but I guess they're both same.

They fust met, if I'm noan mistook,
 At church, at a kesnin', I think ;
 When Jenny gan Ike a sly look,
 An' he gan to her a sly wink.

They'd then be but nineteen yer owd ;
 Wor wed i' three yer after that ;
 A reet age they'rn wed 'at, I'm tow'd,
 An noather too soon nor too lat'.

Ther wedded life passed very weel,
 For may be a fortni't, when lo !
 Ike sang out at every meal—
 " My mother hoo never did so ! "

One mornin' his coffee wur wrang,
 Another his eggs wur noane reet ;
 Whate er Jenny shapt, Isaac sang
 Th' owd song, morn. an' noon an' at neet.

Things went on in this way for a while,
 An Jenny took o i' good part ;
 An' met what Ike said wi' a smile,
 O th' time that tale hurt like a dart

One day hoo wur cleanin' his shoon,
 When Isaac said " Let me taych yo',
 'll show yo' a better plan soon,
 My mother hoo never did so ! "

" When hoo blackt a shoo hoo did *thus*,
 Just look how much better it is ;
 It's done, too, wi' th' tone hawve o' th' fuss,
 An' see thee, it looks nowt amiss."

Hoo lookt, an' said, " Ah that will do,
 An' neaw as thea's done it so well,
 Thae'd better just black tother, too—
 Thae'll then have o th' honour thysel."

Yo'n think this 'ud teych him some wit,
 An' give him to see that he're wrong;
 It never chang'd Isaac one bit,
 He yet sang for Jenny th' owd song.
 But one day hoo knockt it o' th' yed,
 Hoo'd ston it no longer at o;
 Hoo hit Ike with dishcleawt, an' said—
 "Wilt tell me thy mother did *so!*"
 That trick Ike will never forget.
 Sin' then he's gi'n th' lass her own way;
 An's never had cause to regret,
 Fro' that time to this very day.

HOW "OWD THATCHER" TURNED HORSE DEALER.

BY J. BARNES.

I N the palmy days of old, when travelling by steam would have been laughed at as a myth, and a fifty miles journey was an event in a man's lifetime; in those good old days "owd" Thatcher rejoiced in the pristine health and strength of youth, and in the vigour of early manhood. And in those days it was a feat, to be afterwards talked of, to make a journey from Manchester to Chester for the pleasure of seeing the races. Notwithstanding the trouble, risk and expense attendant on the enterprising hero who ventured to take that journey, Thatcher plucked up courage enough to venture on a ride to Chester, and for that purpose he repaired to the dwelling of a friend who was a small farmer, known as "Owd Gimp," in order to borrow or hire a horse on which he could perform the journey.

He found his friend Gimp, assisted by his wife and daughter, exerting their united efforts to assist a horse in conveying a loaded cart across "th' fowt," which was very soft and dirty. The farmer was pushing the cart behind and his better-half was belabouring the poor animal in the shafts with a whip, and the younger lady was yoked in front as a "chain horse."

"Neaw then," shouted Gimp, as Thatcher turned into "th' fowt." "Neaw then, o' t'gether—gee up theau great—I say, Bet, fash that cheean horse, hoo's noan pooin a bit."

"Yoi, I am," shouted the "chain horse" by way of protestation, "I'm doin it o; it's yo' ut's noan thrutchin hint, yo' want'n me t' do mooar no' ony mon con do."

"Dang thee, theau ayts mooar no' ony mon i' th' country," retorted Gimp; "bo theau'rt too weel fed an' lother't; theau'rt gettin lazy—lash her, Bet, a bit—heigh, Thatcher, is that thee? come an' gi' us a thrutch behind."

Thatcher complied, and with a great amount of pulling and pushing, the cart was safely landed at its destination. Thatcher then informed Gimp of his intended journey, and of his desire to go *en cavalier*, stating that he could borrow a saddle from a groom who lived near, but required a horse to ride.

"Theau con ha' *Smiler*," said Gimp, "he's quiet an' he's broke to th' saddle, bo theau knows ut he's ne'er had one on his back sin' I bowt him last May fair at Stopport, an' that's mooar no' twelve months sin'."

"Oh, he'll be no wur for that," said Thatcher, "I con manage him; bo what'll theau want for th' lond on him?"

"We'll sattle that when theau comes back," said Gimp, "I'll warrant we'st noan fo' eaut about it."

The following morning, Thatcher's friends assembled in force to have a parting glass with him, and to see him off on his perilous journey. Old Gimp brought out *Smiler*, who looked as clean as a new pin; true, he appeared rather "bony," but that, Gimp said, was owing to his fine condition. He also hung his head a little, but Gimp averred that to be his extreme bashfulness, as he "wunno' used to so mich company"; and when the saddle was adjusted he was observed to cast a melancholy look around, which told more of sorrow than of anger, as if he was contemplating the arduous task before him, and calculating the chances of ever returning to his peaceful home again. The tears glistened in his equine eyes as Thatcher mounted into his seat, and he turned his head towards Gimp as if imploring his protection from the outrageous handicapping, but all were callous to the poor animal's mute appeals, and Thatcher having shook hands with all his friends, set out at an amble, which he, in his sanguine imagination, thought would be taken for a trot—alas, it was a ghastly attempt!

"Dunno' ride him too fast," shouted Gimp, "he's a little bit weak i' th' knees, an' I shouldno' like him t' be damage't."

Thatcher waved his hand and disappeared in a turn of the road, which led towards Manchester, through the streets of which town he walked *Smiler* at a slow pace for fear of

accidents, and attracting no small share of attention on the way—for instance:—

“Eh! what a fine tit, it's backed like a razor!” said one.

“Neaw, what dun they feed yo'r horse on?” asked a small urchin.

“If yo' ride that far yo'll be split i' two,” cried a third.

“Hadno' yo' better get off an' push behint? yo'll get on faster,” said another.

“Here's a fellow walking on *four stilts*!” a swell said.

“Dunno use yo'r spurs, or they'll go through him,” suggested another.

In order to escape this constant fire of witticisms, he used his most strenuous efforts to increase his speed, but it was of no avail. *Smiler* had settled into his usual stride, and would go no faster, and on reaching the little town of Altrincham, Thatcher found that he had been just four hours on the road. Here he dismounted in order to refresh the inner man, and desiring a small boy who stood at the door to “howd his horse” for him, he disappeared into one of the old roadside inns for that purpose. On emerging again he found *Smiler* the centre of attraction to a score of admirers, who were loud in their praises of his *Rosinante*.

“He's a fine bred un at onyrate,” said an ostler who stood near.

“It's ta'en four on us t' howd him,” cried the boy.

“He's a regular kicker,” said another, rubbing his knee.

“He gan me a wipe ut'll lawm me for a month.”

Then came a chorus of requests for coppers, which Thatcher declined. As he remounted and rode slowly away, he was hailed with—

“Heaw dun yo' keep him i' th' stable? He con get throo th' nick o' th' dur.”

“Run him again a post, for it's th' on'y thing he con run again, on' then th' post 'll byet him.”

“It'll tay two like him to mak' a shadow.”

And so Thatcher laboured on until he reached Knutsford, when he found *Smiler* so totally used up that any further progress was utterly impossible. He therefore made a virtue of necessity, and put up his steed and himself at the “George” until the following morning, when, on asking for *Smiler* in order to proceed on his route, the landlord led him to the

stable, where ne found that the horse, having been fastened by a halter, had given way to the desire of resting his weak knees, and in making a desperate attempt to lie down, the gallant steed had literally hanged himself, it being the ostler sagely observed with a shake of the head, "A melancholy case of *felle de see*, and one o' the saddest instances of determined soocide ever he witnessed, and only showed as how some hosses were every bit as depraved in their habits as if they had been Christians."

This melancholy end of poor *Smiler* was a tremendous blow to our friend Thatcher, who not only saw the utter failure of his journey to Chester, but a heavy demand from old Gimp for the value of the horse. He explained his position to the landlord, telling him that the animal was only a borrowed one, and his fear that its owner would make him pay an extravagant price for its death whilst under his care.

"That," said the landlord, "is only a secondary consideration; my fears are of a different kind. Do you know what price your friend is likely to put upon the animal?—it's value is certainly small."

"I conno' tell," said Thatcher; "he reckon't it wur a good horse. What dun yo' think it's worth?"

"I would not have him given to me," said the landlord, "so you may guess my opinion of him from that; but the result of its being known that any horse had been strangled in my stables through the fault of my men (for it is their fault) would be disastrous to me, so that if you will only not mention the manner of his death to anyone, I will pay you ten pounds for the horse (which will easily satisfy your friend), and find you a conveyance to Chester."

Thatcher at once closed with the conditions, and the ten pounds were duly placed in his hands, and, as the landlord was going to Chester himself, he accommodated Thatcher with a seat in his gig.

Thatcher returned next day from Chester to Manchester by the stage coach, and waited until evening had closed its shades around him ere he sought out his friend Gimp.

"Well, heaw hast liked thi ride?" asked Gimp, as Thatcher took his seat by his side that evening.

"I never like't a jaunt better i' my life," replied Thatcher.

"Did theau find *Smiler* quiet, or did he kick up rough?"

"Why," said Thatcher, with a smile, "he *had a bit o' life*

in him when I set eaut, bo then I soon geet use't to him, an' I'll warrant him *quiet enoof neaw*."

"Hast ta'en him to th' stable?"

"Nawe, no' yet," said Thatcher; "I should like t' have a bit o' talk with thee fosit. I've fun him so nice and quiet that I should like t' buy him off thee; what dost want for him as he stonds?"

"Art' i' earnest, or art' nobbo' chaffin' me?" asked Gimp.

"I'm i' good earnest," said Thatcher.

"Well, as it's thee, an' theau'rt noan likely to o'erwork him, I'll tell thee what I'll do—I'll tay *thirty shallin'* for him an' I'll stond a bowl o' punch."

Thatcher nearly sprang from his seat, but, checking himself, he said—

"It's a big price, Gimp. Theau's no use for him, he's on'y aytin' his yed off i' th' stable. I'll stond a suv'rin, an' I'll pay for th' punch."

After a little bargaining, Gimp agreed to take twenty-five shillings for the horse, and they paid for the punch between them, and when the transaction was completed, Thatcher said—

"Well it's th' fust time ut ever I did owt i' th' horse dealin' line, but, I con find ut it's a profitable game. I've bowt *Smiler* for twenty-five shallin', an' I've sowd his deod carcass for ten pound. I say, Gimp, if ever theau's another cowl rip ut's too weak to wark, just let me know; I con may a fortune eaut o' deod horses. I've gotten i' th' reet track."

But he kept his word with the landlord of the "George," and the sad fate of *Smiler* was still a mystery to Gimp at his death.

ROSY NED.

BY J. BARNES.

A JOVIAL chap wor Rosy Ned;
 A naybor good an' o;
 An one ut ne er forsook a friend,
 Nor ever shirk't a foe.

Honest an' true as temper't steel;
 Contented wi' his lot;
 Willin' to th' very dregs to share
 His neetly pint, or pot.

For, be it known, he loved his ale
 Wi' o a lover's zeal ;
 As witness't oft his blinkin' een,
 An' ruby nose as weel.
 " Full many a time an' oft " he stayed
 While th' neet wor ebbin' fast,
 An' th' smo' heurs creepin' on apace,
 An' th' lawful heaur wor past.
 T' childer ut knew him use't to sheaut
 When Ned appeared i' th' street,
 " Here's Ned — look eaut for haup neys, lads ;
 His face shines eaut so breet ! "
 One neet 'twur late when Ned reel't whoam,
 As usual, fro' his " pub,"
 Wheer th' neetly fun wor aided by
 A judge and jury club.
 An' turnin' th' corner into th' street,
 Wheer stood his cottage door,
 He ran again an obstacle
 He ne'er had seen afore !
 Th' post-office chaps had been that day,
 Unknown to Rosy Ned ;
 An' a bran' new pillar-box put up,
 Ut 'r nicely painted red.
 Ned run again it wi' a crash,
 Ut sent him on his back ;
 An' th' stars ut donce't afore his een
 Ud fill o th' Zodiac.
 Into a sittin' posture soon
 He " gether't up " hissel.
 An' even *his* mild temper rose,
 Such usage to repel.
 " Theau gaumless foo' ! " he said to th' stump.
 " Art blind as ony bat ?
 Conno' theau see which road to goo,
 Beaut usin' folk like that ?
 " An' thee a sowdier, too, I see ;
 I know thy cooat too well ;
 I reckon ut theau'rt eawt beaut leeave,
 An' darno' show thysel'.
 " Oppen thi een, mon — con't no' speak ?
 Dost think I m feeart o' thee ?
 Art t' shammin' stondin' sentry neaw ?
 Theau conno' gammon me !
 " Why are t' no' eawt i' Egypt yon,
 An' feightin' th' blackymoors,
 An' fotchin' General Gordon whoam,
 Or killin' th' savage Boers ?

"No answer, eh! O' reet, owd lad;
 I'st know thi face again;
 It's after closin' time to-neet,
 Or else we'd have a drain.

"I dar say ut theau'rt sorry neaw,
 For what theau did to me,
 But I'll forgie thee lad, chus heaw;
 Theau happen didno' see."

Wi' difficulty Ned geet up;
 An' when he'r on his feet,
 A friendly salutation gan,
 An' th' sowdier bid "good neet."

"I bear no malice, lad, shake bonds —"
 Bo' th' "red 'un" never stirred;
 An' to Ned's friendly offices
 He answer t not a word.

So Ned went whoam, an' towd his wife
 What trouble he'd bin in;
 An' hoo laff't till tears run down her face,
 An' trickle't off her chin.

"Theau yorney, theau," hoo said; "ther's bin
 No sowdier i' thi way —
 It's yon new-painted letter-box,
 Ut they'n put up to-day.

"An' theau's bin talkin' to a stump,
 An' let it knock thi deawn!
 Eh, if I nobbo' towd this tale
 To o thi pals at th' *Creawn!*"

Bo', like a good an' loyal wife,
 Hoodidno' tell at o;
 An' noan knew heaw he fell that neet,
 Nor what had caused his fo'.

Bo' when he passed that letter-box,
 By oather neet or day,
 His concience gan a little nudge.
 An' he look t another way.

SELLIN' TH' GOOSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY HENRY GANNON.

SES Farmer Lumpkin to his better hawf,
 "What thinksto, Malley, wench, abeawt yon cawf?
 Dost think as heaw he's good enoof for t' rear?
 If not, awst leg him awff i' th' morn to th' fair."
 "Nay, cart him awff, wi' o' mi heart," ses hoo,
 "We n gotten three besoides, an' that's enoo
 O blartin' becasts loike thoose; so tak him, do."
 So Lumpkin graic't his boots, an' trundlet deawn
 Next morn, wi' th' cawf i' th' noose, on th' road to th' teawn

He'd gotten welly to th' big stooan dur,
 Just wheear a rompin' batch o' schoolads wur ;
 An' schoolads, as yo known are allus bent
 On manks an' nowtynness, an' devilment.
 They're one o' th' ruck, a regular gallous brid,
 Lung legged he wor, wi' cruck't nose, an' skent a bit ;
 Soon as th' owd farmer had come fair i' seet,
 He ses, " Neaw, lads, just spread yorsels a bit,
 Aw'll tell yo' what to do, an' then, bi' th' mon,
 We'll have a gradely lark wi' th' yokel yon."
 So when they geet their lesson off bi heart,
 An' aich young devilskin could play his part,
 Away these youngsters scampert up an' deawn,
 Some uppo' th' road, an' some on 'em i' th' teawn.
 " Heaw do, owd lad," ses scholar number one,
 " What's th' price o' th' goose tha's gotten there, owd mon ?"
 " What's th' price o' what ? O' th' goose ? Why, contna see,
 Tha foo', that theer's a skennin' cawf loike thee !"
 He laft this chap, an' trundlet further deawn,
 An' just as he wor gettin into th' teawn,
 An' thinkin', loike, he'd gotten pratty clear,
 He meets another on 'em dawdlin' there.
 " Foine day," ses he, " dost want to sell thi goose, owd tyke ?"
 " What ! goose again ! What's th' matter wi thi een ;
 Mun aw unbutton 'em for thi like ?
 That theer's a cawf, 'at's yezzy to be seen,
 A four-legged cawf, wi' a tail to his hinder part,
 An' if tha'll only wait tha'll yer him blart."
 He powlert on, beawt stoppin' for to woind,
 Bur still he re rayther dubious i' his moind.
 An' peppt o'er his shoulder ivvery neaw an' then,
 As if he wanted to persuade hissen
 As 'twer a cawf he'd gotten there i' th' noose.
 " It is a cawf," he ses, " thoose chaps are nowt but foos !"
 He'd gotten welly to where th' staws begin,
 When there eawt pops another devilskin,
 An' plants hissel' afore him, stiff as ess,
 An' ses—" Tha want's to sell thi goose, aw guess !"
 " Well, d——n mi seven sins, bur here's a do,
 Here, uppo' th' street, an' yond on th' highway, too,
 They coan this thing a goose. no moore, no less !
 Whoy, contna see, tha leather-yedded cur,
 As that's a cawf, as plain as ever wor ?"
 But neaw th' owd chap wor puzzl't wur bi hawf.
 An' deauted if it really wor a cawf.
 So, just to see if he were noan mistook,
 He turn't him reaund. an' had a gradely look ;
 An' as he scrat his pow, th' owd joskin said—
 " That ther's a cawf, or else aw'll eyt mi yed !
 Besides. a goose has fithers an' two feet :
 Thoose chaps deawn yon they arno gradely reet '
 An' then what foo' ud iver fot a goose

To th' market wi' his yed stuck in a noose ?
 It wouldno' be owd Lumpkin, aw con swear ! "
 Wi' that he d gotten deawn to th' market square,
 An', passin' by a felly sellin' pies,
 Th' owd farmer meets a tutthrey moore o' th' squad,
 When up comes th' forrardest o' th' lot an cries,
 " Hello ! dost want to sell thi goose, owd lad ?
 Aw'll gi' thee four an' sixpence, ready brass."
 ' Well, this licks o.' ses he, an' scrat his yure,
 " Aw ne'er seed th' like o' this, bi' th' mass !
 Neaw it's a goose, but 'twur a cawf, aw'm sure ;
 Aw'll swear when aw set eawt it wor a cawf,
 Or else aw ve lost mi' wits bi' mooar than th' hawf.
 Iv th' thing's bewitch't we'd better to be parted,
 But 'twur a cawf this mornin' when aw started,—
 Here, dang it ! gies thi brass an' tak it awff,
 It goes for what it is, be t goos or cawf ! "

COURTIN' GRADELY.

BY TOM KERSHAW.

YOUNG Will o' th' Winders long had loved a lass co'ed Nelly Lynne ;
 Ther nowt i' th' world he d not ha' done sweet Nelly's love to win ;
 He'd often met her deawn i' th' lone, but ne'er a word he spoke,
 For when he tried to use his tung he felt as though he'd choke.

One *summer's* eve he thus broke th' *ice*, " It's very fine to-day ; "
 Nell said, " It is : " they both walked on, but each a different way.
 Again they met whê'er often times they'd met before—i' th' lone ;
 An' this time Will went on with th' lass an' meant his love to own.

But though resolved his love to tell, he talk't of aught but that ;
 An' hemmed an' cough't till Nell wur gwon. an' then it wur too lat'.
 When next they met Will talk't o' th' crops, an' lots o' things beside.
 But still ne'er spoke ov love, mich less o' makin' Nell his bride.

He tow'd her he could play o' th' flute, an' showed her he could sing ;
 But ne'er a word escaped his lips abeawt a gowden ring.
 An' thus things passed a yer or more, a tedious time for Nell ;
 For Will ne'er popt the question, an' th' lass couldno' do t hersel'.

He had no' even stown a kiss, though he'd had th' chance o' scores ;
 What con sich chaps as lovers prove but very awful bores ?
 If he'd ha' mustered courage up, an' smeawtcht her ripe red lips,
 He would ha' felt o' th' better for th' delicious nectar sips.

He'd often said at partin', " Stop let's cooart thee gradely, Nell ;
 I ve here a trinket which I'm sure will suit thee gradely well ; "
 Which only proved that he as yet had never larnt to woo,
 By takin' tutthrey lessons in a " courtin' gradely ' schoo'.

Will thought this trinket courtin' wur o' reet an' grand no deawt ;
 But 'twur no courtin' gradely, an' at last he fun this eawt
 By givin' Nell some ear drops, when hoo dropped em on to th' greawnd,
 An' said, " Oh, Will I am so ill, I feel lke *govin' reawnd*."

This made him clasp her to his breast ; he'd ne'er done this before ;
 An' soon hoo're *comin'* reawnd, an' Will had kissed her o'er an' o'er ;
 He whisperd, " Nell, I love thee well, an' what I say is true ;"
 When lo ! his ears wur greeted thus, " Lev loce. an' let me goo ! "

Hoo gently struggled to be free. but didno' struggle long ;
 An' Will—grown bowd—he clasped her still an' thought he did no wrong
 'Twur then he sweetly whispered low, " Dear Nell, wilt be my bride ?"
 Hoo gently placed her hond i' his, an' spoke not, but hoo *sighed*.

Will took her *si(gh)*lence for consent, when, oh. what lover's bliss,
 (Perhaps we should no' tell it) *Nell gan Will a fervent kiss*.
 What tender tales o' love then passed is known to only two,
 Except to Him who duly notes an' records o we do.

Soon after this a knot wur teed by Will an' lovely Nell ;
 That knot which men an' women *tee* but *conno loce* thersel.
 An' though ther weddin' wur no' grand, ther hearts wur leet an' gay,
 Which isno' th' case wi' ev'ry pair upon their weddin' day.

I'll only add that Will courts Nell *i' th' way he won her yet*,
 An' often thanks his God that he his dearie ever met ;
 An' as for Nell, hoo does her best, as wedded woman should ;
 In short their daily aim is to promote each other's good.

MORAL.

A woman's love can ne'er be bought wi' trinkets e'er so rare,
 Tis courtin' gradely, *this alone, wins love o' woman fair*.

SEEIN' DOUBLE.

A LORD on a pony rode by t'other day,
 When he spied a fair damsel and to her did say,
 " My fair one. whose piglings are those in yon sty ? "
 " They belong to th' owd soo, sir," the girl made reply.
 " You're rather sharp-witted," the lord then did say ;
 " But, by the same rule who may own *you*, I pray ? "
 " My mother," she said with a blush on her cheek ;
 " But Jammie o' Nancy's 'll claim me next week."
 " Who's Jammie o' Nancy's ? " the nobleman said.
 " Is he some wealthy squire, or gentlemen bred ? "
 " He's noan a rich squire " the maiden, said she,
 " But owd Nancy at th' Top lad, an' skens o' one e'e."
 " Why should you prefer one that squints ? " the lord said.
 " Becose one ut looks straight has less use for his yed ;
 But he that con see o'er two hedges at once,
 Con *mind two folks' bizness*, or else he's a dunce."
 " Well answered " the lord said and straight way rode he ;
 " That's a hint for my meddling, I plainly can see.
 Now, what shall I give you your favour to gain ? "
 " A seet o' yo'r back," said the maid with disdain
 The week that came next saw the couple at church ;
 They were met by the lord as they entered the porch,
 Who promised them there that when twins blest their lot
 A good acre of land he would add to their plot.

In a year after that the young couple were blest—
 A child in the cradle lay sucking its fist.
 When the mother one day thus accosted the lord—
 "I' that matter o' twins, will yo' stick to yo'r word?"
 "But I only see *one*," said the lord, with a smile,
 And the youngster he took from its cradle the while.
 "Yo'r done," said the dame, 'less yo'r bargain yo' rue
 "Yo' may nobbut see *one*, but eaur Jammie sees *two*."

A COT O' YO'R OWN.

COME, lads, lend yo'r ears, an' I'll gi' yo' a rhyme,
 That isno o' battles an' strife,
 But o' peace an' goodwill between mon an' his kind—
 A bond between husband an' wife.
 It s be yo'r own mesther an' landlord besides,
 Feight shy o' bumbaliff an' dun;
 Plant yo'r vine an' yo'r fig tree before it's too late,
 An' live in a cot o' yo'r own.

A mon that's a shop-book 'll never get on—
 If he's credit he pays for't, that's sure;
 Let him pay ready brass, spend no more than he gets,
 An' he'll never be hampered nor poor.
 A rent day's a care-day, as oit as it comes,
 When a landlord's as hard as a stone;
 But this wee'ly vexation ne'er troubles the breast
 Of a mon that's a cot o' his own.

There's one o' my neighbours—heau wealthy he's grown,
 By lendin' an' screwin', an' jobs;
 But if nob'dy'd borrowed an' paid double back,
 Heau mich better for other folks fobs!
 What yo' payn through yo'r nose i' both shop-scores an' rent,
 An' interest to popshop an' "loan,"
 Would soon lay th' foundations o' prosperous days,
 An' build yo' a cot o' yor own.

Yo' conno' raise hay if yo' sown nowt but wynt!
 Leaud talkin' 'll gather no curn;
 But delve, plough an' harrow, an' scatter good seed,
 An' yo'll fill both yo'r meal-poe an' churn.
 Then here s to a mon that'll strive for the best,
 An' lay up for owd age while he con;
 An' that ne'er shuts his dur on a shelterless friend,
 While he lives in a cot o' his own.

Then live for to-morn, lads, an' dunno be foos,
 But worth, an' lay by when yo' con;
 When yo'r lithesome an' limber,
 Pile up brick an' timber,
 An' live in a cot o' yo'r own.

SAM BAMFORD'S GRAVE.

A CHRISTMAS IDYL : BY G. RICHARDSON.*

I STOOD beside Sam Bamford's grave,
 Ut looks o'er Middle-teawn,
 An' th' owd lad woke within his yearth,
 An' said, " Wheere arta baun ?"
 " I'm gooin' deawn to Shuttlewo'th's,
 At th' sign o th' Owd Boar's Yead,
 To meet a Raker' friend or two,
 An' have a gill, ' I said.
 ' Wheay. wheay, what's up like ? Is it th' Wakes ?
 Or is it th' Show ? ' said Sam.
 " I fain would like t' goo wi thee, lad ;
 It's dryish wheere I am.
 " Is Ned wi' thee. or Page, or Jim ?
 Is Joe or Charley theree ?
 ' Lijah's gone whoam, I know, poor lad !
 He'd little to stop for here
 " Come, tell me o' an' moore besides,
 I'm 'hutchin' fain to yer it ;
 There's nobdy coes to tell me owt,
 Nobbut neaw an' then a sperrit
 " Ut's bin a makkin' furnityer
 To caper on some floor.
 Han poets begun a-bankin' yet ?
 Are publishers 'come poor ?
 Han Frenchmen ta'en to seaur kreaut ?
 Is Livingstone come whoam ?
 Are parsons gan o'er fratchin' yet ?
 Is th' Church gone o'er to Rome ?
 " Are th' Yankees talkin' leaud an' tali ?
 Is Ireland satisfied ?
 Han' th' Germans drawn their feightin' brass ?
 Has th' ballot e'er bin tried ?
 " Are skoo-boards happy families ?
 Does eddication thrive ?
 Is charity owt but a name ?
 Is *self*-ism still alive ?
 " What is it's browt thee here to-day ?
 Has't bizness wi' th' d'yed ?
 Or arta come'n a-trimmin' th' fleawers
 That hem eawr little bed ?"
 " I come to choose a spot on which
 To raise a stone," I said.
 " Thy native teawn con gie thee *that*,
 If it couldno' find thee bread."

"What, what," he said "a moniment

A moniment to *me*?

Just lift that quarried keaunterpane,

An' help to set me free.

"I'll moniment 'em,—that I will—

A changeful, wayward crew!

Fust backbite me, then co me spy,

An' th' Judas o' Peterloo!

"*They* raise a moniment to *me*!

Believe i' no sich thing;

They'd rayther have a jumpin' match,

Or creawn a sond-chap king,

"I need no moniment—not I!

Well, not o' sculptured stone,

Look i' my 'Radical'—it s there—

A tablet o' my own.

"Good deeds are their own moniments

A biggish mon hath said;

Good lives leave tracks that th' feet o' time

Pass o'er wi' kindly tread.

"Gi'e bread to th' poor, to th' weak give help

Mak hearthstones warm an' breet;

A lesson taich to th' rich an' preaud,

To darkened minds give leet.

"An' if, when yo'n this duty done,

Yo'n gether reaunder my grave,

An' sing a hymn o' thankful praise,

I'll help yo' with a stave.

"Neaw, goo an' tell 'em what I've said;

But if they're bent on stone.

Wheay, let 'em set abeaut it then,

An' mak' their purpose known.

"An' not let year on year go past,

An' Wakes an' Show get o'er,

Then find theirsels at th' end o' time

Just wheere they wur before.

"If *we d* stood still i' thoose dark days

When patriots pined an' bled,

Heaw would yo'r minds have neaw been store'd,

Yo'r bodies clothed an' fed?

"Where would yo'r Lancashire ha' bin,

O' which yo'r o so preaud?

Yo'r forges an' yo'r factories

That neaw its valleys creawd?

"But I'm happen a bit cranky, lad—

They'n made me so wi' scorn;

But bless 'em o! Neaw let me sleep

Till breaks my second morn."

Sam laid *him* deawn, an' gan a grunt,
 Said, "'Mima, love, art' here?'"
 An' I left him to his noble rest,
 Wi' a freshly-started tear.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH.

BY ALEXANDER WILSON.

YO gentlefolke aw listen unto mea song,
 An' if yo'll be attentive yo'll naw think it lung;
 For aw bin to a pleck so famed for reneawn,
 An' plainly aw'll tell yo' it's Manchester teawn.

Aw went to th' owd church 'twurn Sunday i' th' morn?
 Don'd eawt i' mea best, an' mea heart wur new shorn!
 Sich seets aw their seed as aw ne'er seed afore,
 Boh aw'll steart at th' beginnink an' tell um yo o'er.

As aw went in at th' dur aw pood off my ruff hat,
 Polk star'd, an aw thowt they wurn leaughink at tat!
 Sich numbers o' ladies an' gentlefolk coom—
 They'd music agaite, an' aw whistlet to th' tune

They wur men wie big cooats, an' a stick i' oytch hond,
 They'rn crossish, an' ordurt some sit an' some stond;
 An' whole aw'r expectink wie th' stick a good drub,
 A mon in a shurt coom an' geet in a tub.

Neaw th' music gan o'er, an' then by mea soul
 A mon in a black shurt, as black as a coal,
 Coom an' geet in a tub under him ot coom first,
 An' wi' leaughing aw thowt i' mea heart aw should burst.

So th' mon i' th' white shurt geet on to his feet,
 An' tow'd um aw round ot they had naw done reight;
 He scowl't um, an' griev't um, for sinners deplor'd,
 An' sometimes him i' th' lower tub put in a word.

White shurt he kept scowlink wi words so uncivil.
 An' mony a toime in his clack he said devil;
 At last folk wurn vext, aw could see bi their look,
 So th' folk, black an' white shurt, aw scout of a rook.

Till another mon coom the peecas for to make,
 An' by th' mass he'd a hat like a hardent wood cake:
 A mon walk'd afore him, an' carried a club,
 An' he mounted aloft an' geet i' th' top tub.

Neaw, as soon as folk seed him they gen o'er their clack,
 Aw begun for 't be feart, for he'd th' club at his back;
 Aw th' folk wurn quoite still, for they know'd they'd done wrong,
 Boh that mon i' th' black shurt would not howd his tunge.

He tow'd um some appus Eve stole off a tree,
 An' to eat um hew Adam wi' her did agree ;
 He tow'd um hew Solomon were a fause mon ;
 Boh aw m sure they wurn fauser—aye mony a one.

He tow'd um hew Moses uset' preach on a hill,
 An' how Joshua once made th' sun an' moon to stond still ;
 How Israel o'er th' sea on dry land did pass,
 An hew Sampson kilt theawsands wi' th' jaw of an ass.

He tow'd um Methuslam livt a lung toime,
 An' heaw Noah the righteous geet drunken wi' wine ;
 He tow'd um how Joseph did live a good loife,
 An' heaw King David lee wi' another mon's woife.

He tow'd um heaw Baalam's jackass could talk,
 An' heaw Lot's woife wurn turn'd to a pillar o' sawt ;
 He tow'd um o' mony sich stories beside—
 But aw firmly believe i' mea heart ot he loied.

He tow'd um so lung abeawt Owd Nick an' sinners,
 Aw begun for to think we mun send for ur dinners,
 At last he concluded i' th' name o' the Lord,
 Boh that mon i' th' black shurt he would ha' th' last word !

WE COULDNO' STOND IT NEAW

BY J. BARNES.

FOLK talk i' praise o' th' good owd days,
 An' ages past an' gone,
 An' why they stick to sich a craze
 'Ud puzzle ony mon :
 To changin' times I'll tune my rhymes,
 An' then you'll o alleaw,
 Ut though sich things han happen't once,
 We couldno' stond 'em neaw.

Kings once were so supreme. we know,
 Their words wor laws o' th' lond,
 They ruled their subjects high an' low,
 Wi' th' same despotic hond ;
 While life an' death hung on their breath,
 An' terror on their brow.
 Their subjects durstno' murmur, but
 We couldno' stond it neaw.

Once th' lords o' th' soil, i' war's turmoil,
 Rush't foremost onto th' foe.
 Bu' neaw they keep'n eawt o' th' broil,
 While thousands are laid low ;
 Wi' lung spy-glass eaur generals pass
 Their time away fro' th' row—
 They used to share a sowdier's risk,
 Bu' conno' stond it neaw.

An' th' baron's hall, to greyt an' small,
 Wor once a place ov cheer,
 Bu' neaw they giv n a stately ball
 But once or twice a year ;
 They keep'n th' poor eautside their door,
 To famish onyheaw ;
 They once wor hospitable folk,
 Bu' sonno' stond it neaw.

An' ladies good, on horseback rode,
 On pillions strapp'd behind,
 An' mony a weel turned ankle showed,
 I' th' fresh an' rustlin' wind.
 Bu' neaw they ride a coach inside.
 On cushions soft an' low,
 They used t' think nowt o' pillions hard,
 Bu' conno' stond 'em neaw.

Once th' lash's crack on th' sowdier's back,
 Laft scars booath deep an' red,
 An' th' record stonds, booath sad an' black,
 O' gallant blood so shed.
 Their foes i' front met draw life's font,
 Bu' th' backs wor clean. chus heaw
 An' to let those backs be scarred awhoam—
 We couldno' stond it neaw.

Once th' farmer till'd an' plough'd his field,
 An' set his hond to th' wark.
 An' th' farmer's wife her music trilled
 At th' churn. like ony lark ,
 Bu' neaw they play'n th' piano. pay'n'
 For work at th' churn an' plough,
 It may cost mooar to raise their corn.
 Bu' they conno' stond it neaw.

On good works bent th' apostles went
 Barefooted through each lond,
 Ther' ned no church establishment
 To tak' thoose things i' hond ;
 Think what our new apostles do,
 Ut we so weel endow,
 Their Saviour lived a humble life
 Bu' they conno' stond it neaw.

Se neaw yo'n seen heaw times han been,
 An' heaw they n alter't quite,
 Aw con bo' l'yev yo' t' choose between
 What's black an' wh' t is white ;
 An' thus at last, experience past,
 Has taych't us o' someheaw.
 Ut curious things han once bin seen—
 Bu' we couldno' stond 'em neaw.

JOE'S ADVENTURE IN ROCHDALE CHURCHYARD.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

[JOE and two or three cronies had been sitting drinking and chatting together with the landlord in the country inn long after "closing time"—then twelve o'clock. At last they separated.]

IT was a dark and cloudy night, and the wind moaned wildly in the vicarage trees.

"Well, lads," said the cobbler, "Aw guess we'd better go whoam—there's nought else for it now. So aw'll may best o' my gate to th' Pin-fowd! . . . Billy, thae'rt beawn up th' Schoo-lane. If aw wur thee, Joe, aw'd tak across th' churchyard, an' deawn th' steps. It'll be a short cut—if thae can manage to hit th' gate—for thae'rt nobbut a mak (sort) o' wambly to-neet. But thae mun do as well as tho con. By th' mass, it is some dark! Well, tak care o' yorsels! Good neet! Aw'm off!"

Joe was a very hearty little fellow; but he was quite done up that night; and the moment he was left to himself in the dark he seemed to get worse. And he did not half like the thought of crossing the churchyard alone at that hour; but the other way was so much farther, and, by this time, he had such poor use of his legs, that, after a little hesitation, he began to meander across the street towards the entrance gate. He went in, and the gate closed behind him with a sound that made him shudder. He pulled his hat over his brows; and as he maundered about in the dark, he missed the path and ran against a tombstone, and dropped down. As soon as he had managed to gather himself up again, he struck out once more, in a wrong direction, and before he had gone many yards, he tripped against a plank, and down he went, headlong, into a new-made grave.

As soon as Joe had a little recovered from the stunning surprise occasioned by his fall, he got slowly upon his feet and began to wipe the damp soil from his face.

"By th' mon, that's a socker!" said he, as he combed the sand out of his hair with his fingers. "Wheer am I gotten to, neaw?" continued he, as he groped around in the dark. "Bi th' mass, aw'm in a grave! . . . Ay, it's a grave—an' nought else!" said he, groping about again. "Bi th' mass, aw've shapt (shaped, managed) that nicely: I co'

this comin deawn i' th' world. . . . An' aw believe aw've put my shoulder eawt, too. . . . There's olez a summat!

. . . . Aw've played a deeol o' marlocks i' mi time—o' one mak (sort) an' another—but aw've com'd to mi grave at last. Heaw the—mun aw geet eawt again?—that's the next job. Aw wer'nt mony minutes i' gettin' into this hole; but it'll tay (take) me some time to get eawt again, aw deawt.

. . . . My mother use't to tell mi that aw should get takken deawn, afore aw dee'd; an' by th' mass, it's com'd true—o of a sudden! An' aw didn't leet o' mi feet, noather—by th' feel o' mi yed. . . . By th' mon, it has prowst (stirred) my inside up—to some gauge! Wheer's my hat?" continued he, feeling about the bottom of the grave. "Oh, it's here! An' a bonny seet it'll be, when it comes to th' leet! Folk shouldn't wear their Sunday clooas when they come'n into sich holes as these. Aw never thowt, when aw donned mysel' this mornin', at aw're beawn to my own berrin (burying). . . . If ever aw get o'er this aw's ha' summat to tell on. First aw'm knocked o'er bi a tombstone, an' then aw'm roll't into a grave—o in abeawt two minutes! Talk abeawt marlocks! Cock feightin's a foo to this!"

Just then the clock struck one.

"Ay," said he; "one o'clock! That dar come bi itsel'! Eh, aw wish awd gwon home i' th' day-leet! Aw've a good mind to rive th' yure off mi yed—for a foo'!"

It began to rain.

"Neaw then," said he, as he turned up the collar of his coat; "neaw then, it's rainin', bi th' mon. It'll be a smart go if aw get dreawnt i' th' hole! Aw'r just thinkin' o' foin' asleep a bit. But it's noan so nice when it rains i' bed. . . . A grave," continued he, groping at the side again; "a grave! A smart shop for wick folk to fo' asleep in; Aw wish there wur a bell i' this hole; awd ring—soon, an' bowdly, too. . . . It's no use.

Life's sich a quare bit o' travel—

A marlock wi' sun an' wi' shade,—

An' then, on a bowster o' gravel,

They lay'n us i' bed wi' a spade.

"They didn't lay me i' bed wi' a spade noather. I'd no bother wi' gettin' down here. Aw coom o mysel' wi' a slosh. . . . Breet-lookin' chamber this is! There's nought

nobbut deead folk abeawt. If one *could* get a wink or two o' sleep, it would be rayther awkert bein' wakken't by a rook o' chaps beawt flesh o' their bwons. By th' mon, it mayes (makes) me cringe to think on't! They're cowl-folk to lie wi',—ghosts are. . . . By th' mon it is some dark i' this hole! An' it's cowl, too! If there wur a barrow-full o' red cinders i' th' nook it would be better nor nought. . . . Aw wonder if aw could get out. . . . Let's try."

He tried to climb the side of the grave, but the soil slipped from his grasp, and he gave up the attempt.

"Shall I ever get out o' this hole alive, aw wonder? By th' mon, it is some cowl! . . . Eawr folk are o' snug i' bed lung sin. An' here I am—i' my grave,—or somebody else's! Eh, it is some cowl! . . . Iv aw'd summat to cover me wi' aw'd lie me deawn a bit. An owd brew-heawse dur (door) would be better nor nought. There'd be no fleas i' that blanket, as heaw. . . . Here, let's try again!"

Once more he attempted to get up the side of the grave, but slipped back.

"It's no use," said he; "it's no use. There's no gettin' up beawt a ladder. Aw may as weel try to may mysel' comfortable. . . . Howd,—aw'll poo some o' this sond deawn to sit on!"

He then began to scrape down the sand from the side o' the grave, till, at last, he came to something hard.

"Hollo," said he, "what's that?"

He felt at it again.

"By th' mon," said he, "it's a coffin!"

A cold shiver ran through him, and he crept off to the other end of the grave.

"By th' mass," said he, as he looked back at the place from which he had scraped the soil, "Aw'll let that alone. Aw's be wakkenin' summat or another. Somebody may pop their yed eawt o' that box ony minute! . . . Eh, aw wish aw wur eawt o' this hole," continued he, giving a hopeless glance up at the night sky. Then, pulling his hat over his eyes and buttoning his coat up to the chin, he reared himself up in the corner, and began to mutter in a low tone—

"Well, here I am, an' here aw mun stop, seemintly. . . . It's just th' way o' th' world; buried to-day, an' forgotten to-morn. Aw wonder if onybody 'll ever look after me. . . . Eh, if ever aw get o'er this, aw'll let somebody yer my tung.

Eawr children are snug i' bed lung sin. Aw wish aw're wi' 'em. . . . Aw dar say eawr Sall's sit by th' fire, just this minute, coin' me war (worse) nor a pow-cat, for stoppin' eawt so lung. Eawt? Nay, aw'm *in*—aboon a bit. Eh, if th' owd lass nobbut knew heaw sudden aw've com'd to my grave, just i' th' prime o' life, too, hoo'd cry her een up—nappen. Aw wonder if th' owd crayter would get wed again, if one wur to dee. . . . Aw wish aw could send her word wh'er aw am. . . . It's no use." Then, sighing as he looked round at the steep sides of the grave, he continued, "Well, it doesn't matter. Aw may as well try to mak mysel' comfortable. Aw'll have a bit moor o' this sond deawn, if I can find a soft spot, for by th' mon, aw'll ha' nought no moor to do wi' that coffin! It doesn't do to disturb folk when they're asleep. Aw shouldn't like it mysel'. . . . Husht! What's that? . . . Aw thowt aw yerd summat. Nay, it's nobbut th' wynt. . . . Eh, aw am some starv't! Noather blankets nor nought. A bonny hole, this is! . . . Husht!"

It was a company of late stragglers, coming up Church Lane, singing—

Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the thorn;
The lowing herds now quit the lawn;
The lark springs from the corn;
Dogs, huntsmen, all, the window throng;
Fleet Towler leads the cry;
Arise the burden of my song,—
This day a stag must die!

With a heigho, chevy!
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy;
Hark forward, away! Tantivy huzza!
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
Arise the burden of my song,—
This day a stag must die.

"Aye; by th' mon," said Joe; "yo may weel tantivy! Yo're o reet! . . . Drunken bowster-yeds! It would seem yo better if yo wer'n thinkin' abeawt another world, i'stid (instead) o' tantivin' up an' deawn th' streets, disturbin' folk i' their graves! Yo'n ha' to come to't yet; as mich din as yo may'n (make)! . . . Husht! They're at it again!"

Good mornin' gossip Joe;
Where are you going so early?
Good mornin', gossip Joe;
Where are you going so early;
So early in the mornin', gossip Joe?

"Eh, aw wish aw're amung those lads," said Joe. "Husht!"

My pocket I have lost,—
'Twas lined with sugar-candy,

"By th' mon," said Joe, "aw know one o' those chaps. Husht!"

My pocket I have lost,—
'Twas lined with sugar-candy,—

"It is! It is, by th' mon! It's owd Yeawler, th' huntsman, an' nought else! Eh, owd lad; aw wish aw wur followin' thee across Rowley Moor, i' full cry wi' a beef-bo' i' my pocket. . . Howd," continued he, "aw'll may (make) those yer (hear),—or else aw'll see. . . Aw'll just give 'em a stave o' th' owd mak. They're comin' this road on. Here goes. . . Heigh, Blossom! Yo-ho! Heigh, Beauty, my lass! Heigh, Beawncer, little dog; By, dogs, by! Yo-ho! Theer," said Joe, stopping to take breath, "aw think they'n yer that, if they aren't both deof and gawmless. . . Husht!"

He listened; and they stopped and listened too, with the hair creeping upon their heads, as they stared towards the dark churchyard, from whence the sound came; and for a minute or two all was still except the wind among the scareage trees, and the dead leaves whirling about upon the gravestones.

"Theer," said Joe, "Aw've stopped their din—as heaw. By th' mon, they're freetn't! An' they may weel. . . Who wouldn't be freetn't, to yer folk huntin' in a grave, at two o'clock i' th' mornin'? Aw should mysel'.

An' bi th' mass, if there's onybody buried abeaut here that's bin use't to followin' th' dogs, they'n be gettin' up! There'll be a bonny hullabaloo if aw set a lot o' skeletons agate o' huntin' up an' deawn th' churchyard i' th' neet-time! . . Husht! they're comin'!"

The midnight wassaillers were frightened by Joe's hunting cry; but they had crept softly up, and now they were peeping over the wall into the dark churchyard, within twenty yards of Joe's doleful lodging.

"The sound coom fro' somewheer abeaut here," said one, in a fearful whisper.

"Well, aw thought so," replied the huntsman. "But what he — can it be, thinken yo? . . Husht! . . Hello Sitho! What's yon?"

"Aw see nought."

"Ay, but aw did!"

"Let's give 'em another stave," said the third. "Let's give 'em another stave—as who they are!"

"Nawe," replied the huntsman, in a low tone; "Nawe nawe, let's be quiet. . . . Com' away. There's a good lot o' folk buried abeaut here 'at knows me. . . . Hush! . . . Let's go whoam. Aw dunnot like this. . . . It's an ill sign when folk begins o' coin' on yo eawt o' their graves i' th' neet-time. . . . Aw'm off,—as who else is!"

Joe had been hearkening to them all the while, and in the stillness of the night could hear every word. "Aye," said he, "it is as I said. It's owd Yeawler. Aw wish aw could get him to help me eawt. Here, aw'll give 'em another stave. Heigh, Yeawler, owd dog! Help me eawt! Aw'm in a grave!"

"An' by ——, thae may stop theer, for me!" said Yeawler, and in an instant, they all took to their heels.

"Theer," said Joe, "aw've made yon lot shake i' their shoon, for once—as heaw 'tis. They're off like redshanks. An' they'll come noan back to-neet, noather—a rook o'—leather-yeds! . . . Ay, they're off! Aw've sin th' last on 'em for to-neet. . . . They'n have a bonny tale to tell i' th' mornin', by Guy! . . . Eh, aw wish aw're eawt o' this hole! Aw'd be at eawr heause i' two minutes! . . . My porritch are waitin' upo' th' hob just this minute; an' eawr Sall's sittin' bi th' fire, knittin', as cramp't as a whisket an' ready to brast off as soon as th' dur oppens. . . . Eh, Sall, owd lass, thae little knows, or else thae'd be here in a snift, wi' a clooas-prop, or summat—to help me eawt. God bless her owd face; aw should be some fain to see those two blue een of hers lookin' off th' top theer; for I am some weary o' this shop! . . . They said it would be the shortest road whoam through t' churchyard; an' it is, too—when they gwon whoam for good. But th' next time I go whoam i' th' dark, I'll pike (pick) a road that there's no holes in. . . . It's no use. I'll try to may mysel' whoam till day-leet. . . . Sond an' coffins! There's nought else i' this smithy! Smart quarters for a feyther of a family to put up at! Talk abeawt keepin' one's heart up! Sond for my supper—sond for my bed—sond for blankets—an' skeletons for company! They're quiet folk enough; bu

I'm noan partial to such like neighbours. Sønd and coffins I guess I's ha' to get my breakfast off a coffin-lid i' th' mornin'! . . . Well, come; I'll ha' summat to sit on, as heaw."

He was beginning to scrape the sand down again to make into a seat for himself in the corner, but, pausing thoughtfully, and laying his hand upon the side of the grave, he said in a low tone:

"I wonder who sleeps i' this next chamber! . . . Happen some o' th' quality! The Lord knows. Folk gotten mixed up so at after they're deead; an' they agree'n better t'han they dun when they're wick. . . . Well, as who they are, I shouldn't like to disturb 'em. Nawe, aw'll let 'em alone, if they'n let me alone. Beside, they met (might) happen think I'd no business here. By th' mon, aw think so mysel'! . . . But it's noan o' my faut. I didn't think o' coin' at this shop. An' if ever I get a-top o' this broo again, they'n not catch me here no moor—till I'm brought in a box! . . . Let's see! my uncle Bill's buried noan so fur off this spot. If th' owd lad knowed I wur here, I believe he'd get up an' help me eawt. Folk are ready enough to help one another into their graves; but there's noan so mony 'at 'll do th' tother job—except these body-snatchers, as they co'n 'em. By th' mass, I wish one o' thoose would come an' have a snatch at me! I'd mak th' owd lad tak my body o' this hole, or else I'd tan him his hide reet weel! . . . Let's see; my aunt Matty lies i' yon fur (far, distant) nook. Hoo'd be eighty-five when hoo deead. . . . Eighty-five! an' here I am under forty! Talk abeawt th' ups an' deawns in a mon's life! This is a deawn if there ever wur one. I should like th' next move to be tother gate on, an' I hope it'll come soon, too. . . . Eh, if my uncle Bill knowed that I wur here, th' lad would turn in his coffin, if he didn't get up. But, by th' mass, if he did get up, he'd shift some o' these folk i' this yard—for he use't to be ill to manage when he started. I hope he's gone to heaven—th' owd lad; but, if he is, he'll be a rough angel, I doubt. There's a two-three folk lyin' abeawt here that'll remember his shoon middlin' weel. He use't to mak bits o' notches upo' their shins, neaw an' then. But I dar say he's quieter now than he use't to be. . . . There's lots o' chaps buried abeawt here 'at knows me. It looks quare 'at

one mun be amung owd cronies, an' nobody to give a body a bit of a lift. . . . Let's see," continued he, "this is th' time when ghosts are upo' th' lookeawt for squalls. If there's ony on 'em stirrin' they'n happen look in here. But they'n never think o' lookin' for wick folk in a grave! If any on 'em happens to see me i' this hole, they'n think I belong to th' same lot as theirsels. . . . It's a quare thing abeawt ghosts; I've yerd 'em say that nobody ever comes back eawt o' their graves, nobbut thoose that ha' summat o' their minds. I've summat o' mi mind, just neaw, an' I'll let somebody know it, too, if ever I get eawt o' this grave! If I'd bin a gradely ghost I could ha' bin eawt o' this hole in a snift! But I think that if ever I get laid deawn for good,—'as what I have o' mi mind I'll try to lie still an' keep it to mysel'. I see no good in 'em gettin' up eawt o' their comfortable beds, i' th' neet time, to maunder up an' deawn i' th' cowl, freet-nin' folk eawt o' their wits! . . . It's a quare thing about ghosts comin' back, wi' their clooas on, too! That caps me! Think o' th' ghost of a owd singlet, or th' ghost of a lin' sheet! I cannot make it eawt. . . . An' then, when folk gets brunt to deeoht, they sey'n that they come'n back then sometimes! One would think that after a chap's bin brunt to cinders, an' buried in a quart pot, he'd never coom back no moor—unless he coom on a fire-shool. . . . But they may do as they'n a mind for me. I can may noather top nor tail o' marlocks (pranks) 'at belongs th' tother country (the next world)! I want to get eawt o' this hole, that's o! . . . Eh, I am some hungry! I wish I'd fo'n into a cookshop, i' stead o' this smithy! . . . Well, its no use, I'm done up! I mun have a bit of a nap, as what comes! . . . Husht! What's that?"

The old church clock struck three.

"One—two—three!" said Joe. "Three o'clock. Come, that'll do! It'll be dayleet some time, I guess!"

Then the chimes began the melody for the day, again—
"Life let us cherish!"

"Ay, bi th' mass," said Joe; "thae may weel say 'Life let us cherish!' It's that very thing that encourages these ghosts to get up eawt o' their beds i' th' neet time! But I'm noan deead yet; so here goes (and he began to sing)—

'Life let us cherish!'

"Howd! said he; "howd! By th' mon, that's hardly th' reet mak o' a sung to sing in a grave! . . . I'll drop it! Eh, I am some sleepy! It's time to fo' to!"

Then, pulling his hat over his eyes, and turning the collar of his coat up, he sat down in the corner upon the little pile of sand which he had scraped down from the side of the grave, and in a few minutes he was fast asleep. And he slept on, in his cold corner, for more than two hours; giving an uneasy shiver now and then, and muttering dreamily—"Sall, give o'er! Thae'rt pooin' th' clooas off!"

It was now the still of the night. Still, at least, from human sound; for all the troubled world of man's life lay pillowed on the breast of sleep,—that gentle breast, on which the mortal wanderer nightly takes the rest that helps him on his journey from the cradle to that last, long sleep,—the grave. The book of worldly business was shut, and clasped, till the dawn of morning woke up matin-service again; and the undertones of nature, which are lost in the roar of noon, had all the ear of midnight to themselves. And the dusky silence seemed to swarm with spiritual comments upon the fuming shows of the by-gone day. And strange whispers came upon the wandering night-wind,—whispers, laden with the sighs of ages of departed sorrow. And every inanimate thing seemed to have found some small voice that took part in the weird conversation of that solemn hour.

In the meantime Joe slept on in his cold nook, surrounded by the bones of his fathers.

A little before five o'clock, while it was yet dark, the sounds of morning life began to stir; cocks crew, and dogs barked; and one after another, at lonely intervals, people straggled, half-awake and shivering, across the dark churchyard, on their way to work. Still Joe slept on; until, at last, a lad came across the churchyard, singing aloud, to the old Lancashire tune called "The Dawning of the Day":—

Twas on a rosy morn in June,
When farmers made their hay,
Down by yon posied woodland green
A milkin' maid did stray.
An' oh! but she was sweet an' fair,—
The flower of all the vale;
In her hand a wild white rose she bare,
And on her head a pail.

The song awakened Joe, and he began to stir in his cold nook. First he shivered, and then he yawned, and rubbed his eyes. And then, groping round in the dark—for the day was hardly yet tinged with dawning light—he said “Hello: wheer am I neaw? . . . Th’ New Bailey? . . . Oh,—I remember; I coom in here last neet,—o of a sudden! . . . Ay,—I’m buried! . . . Stop, what’s yon?”

The lad was now drawing near, with his song,—

An’ oh, but she was sweet an’ fair,—
The flower of all the vale;
In her hand a wild white rose she bare,
And on her head a pail.

“Neaw for it,” said Joe, rubbing his hands, “there’s a bit of a chance at last!” And setting his hands to the side of his mouth, he yelled out, “Heigh! my lad! Doesto yer?”

The lad stood stock still for an instant, staring in the dusk, towards the place from which the voice came; he stood for an instant, with the hair bristling upon his head; and then he took to his heels across the churchyard, and down the steps which lead to the centre of the town. Down the steps he went, taking the whole hundred and ten at a dozen wild strides.

In a little while the six o’clock bell rang, and people began to come thicker along the churchyard path. Joe tried them in succession, as they went by; but, one after another, they fled at the sepulchral voice—as the lad had done before. In the meantime the daylight was strengthening; and soon after the old church clock had struck seven a milk cart came rattling down the street close by the churchyard. The cart stopped, and the man cried out, “Milk!”

Joe hailed the sound with delight, for he knew it well.

“Hello!” said he, clapping his hands, “By th’ mass, that’s Johnny! Sing, O be joyful, all ye lands! Fol der diddle ido! I’s get eawt o’ this hole, neaw! . . . Heigh, Johnny! Johnny, owd lad! For the Lord’s sake come an’ poo me out o’ this —— hole!”

“Who’s yon?” said the milkman, and he came into the churchyard and looked round; and then, led by the sound, he came to the edge of the grave, and looked in.

“Eh,” cried Joe, gazing up at the milkman, “I never were so fain to see no mortal face i’ this world as I am to see that o’ thine, owd lad. What time is’t?”

"Hello!" cried the milkman, "is that thee, Joe?"

"It's nought else," said Joe. "Come, poo me eawt!"

"Thae'rt gettin' deawn i' th' world, owd lad!" replied the milkman.

"I am that," said Joe. "But I intend to rise an' shine again—as soon as ever I've a chance! Here, don't ston starin' theer! I want to get eawt!"

"An' what the deuce arto doin' i' that shop?" asked the milkman.

"I've bin here o' neet!"

"Thae's hectum as like! An' what's that for? Is there somebody after tho?"

"Nawe; but there will be afore lung, if I dunnot get eawt o' this hole," said Joe. "Eh, I am some cowl, an' stiff! There'll be some stock o' rheumatic i' my limbs at after this dooment! Here, poo me eawt!"

"Nay," replied the milkman, laughing, "thae may as weel stop while thae art theer. Thae'll ha' to come back some day."

"Time enough for that," said Joe; aw've not finished my work up at th' top yet! . . . But, eh, for the Lord's sake, don't make fun on me, just neaw! I cannot ston' it! Poo me eawt! An' then come deawn thisel' a bit,—if thae likes th' look on it. I've had a fairish do!"

"Come," said the milkman, as he knelt down by the grave, "let's see what we con do with tho. Gi's howd o' thi hont!"

But the grave was too deep, and Joe was too short; and as the milkman rose from his knees, he said, "It's no use. Yo're too deep for me,—as th' jackass said when it fell into th' draw-well."

"Here,—here!" cried Joe; "thae'rt noan beawn to lev (leave) me i' this hole, arto?"

"Nawe," cried the milkman, "I'll ha' thee eawt, o' some-heaw, owd lad."

Then, taking off his jacket, he slung it down the side of the grave, an' he said, "Here! tak' howd o' that."

Joe clutched at the jacket in an instant; and the milkman began to haul. But Joe was a good weight.

"Howd, howd!" cried the milkman; "th' sleeve's comin' off! Let go!"

"Nawe; by th' mon!" cried Joe. "I'll stick. It's th' last chance!"

"Then, tak it o together!" said the milkman, loosing his hold, and letting Joe fall into the grave again.

"By th' mass; I do get knocked abeawt i' this cowl'd world!" said Joe, as he rose to his feet again.

"Here; fling that jacket up!" cried the milkman.

"Howd thi din!" said Joe. "I'm noan beawn to run away wit! . . . Thae doesn't co' this pooin' me eawt, doesto?" continued he, looking up at the milkman.

"I co' it pooin' mi jacket i' pieces!" replied the milkman. "Here; fling it up! That jacket cost me twelve shillin', i' good hard brass, three weeks sin'! Thae doesn't want me to go whoam wi' th' tone (the one) sleeve off, doesto?"

"Sleeve or no sleeve,—thae'll ha' to poo me eawt, owd lad; or else thae mun go whoam beawt (without) jacket! . . . I can do wi' some clooas (clothes) deawn i' this hole! Thae'd say so, too, if thae'd bin here o neet! Try thi breeches th' next! They're strunger stuff!"

"I've a good mind to fling a milk-can a-top o' thi yed!" said Johnny. "I wonder what thae'rt doin' theer! If thae'd bin a gradely size't chap thae met (might) ha gotten eawt o' that shop o thisel'!"

"Thae may say whatever thae's a mind, owd lad," replied Joe! "but there's no jacket for thee till I get at th' top o' this broo!"

"Well, heaw mun I do it, then?" said the milkman; "heaw mun I do it? For I'm noan beawn to ston here i' my shirt sleeves, shiverin' like a foo!"

"Thae may just plez (please) thi bonny sel' *heaw* it's done,—but, done it *mun* be,—or else I'll set up a clooas shop i' this hole!" cried Joe, folding the milkman's jacket up, and tucking it under his arm. . . . "It'll ha' to be done, owd lad!" continued he; "so thae may get to wark as soon as thae's a mind! What artostonnin' theer for? Off wi' tho to th' painter's yon,—an' borrow a bit of a ladder. Thae's no shift in tho. If Billy'd bin here, he'd ha' had me eawt o' this cote lung afore neaw—ladder or no ladder!"

The milkman took the hint and off he ran.

"By th' mass," said Joe, clipping the jacket as he paced to and fro in the grave, "I'll stick—till I get eawt o' this nook!"

In a few minutes the milkman returned with a short ladder. Joe lost no time in ascending the side of the grave, and when he got to the top he said to the milkman:—

"Here, tak thi jacket, owd lad! . . . Eh, I am some fain to get back to my own country again!" continued he, as he flapped his arms, and gazed round the churchyard. "They may want to dee 'at's a mind for me; I'm in no hurry. It's no wonder at folk comin' eawt o' their graves i' th' neet time! If I slept theer regilar (regularly), I should try to come eawt a bit, neaw an' then—if it were nobbut to warm mysel'. . . . Eh, it has bin some cowl i' that hole!"

"Thae looks starv't, owd lad, for sure!" said the milkman, as they walked out at the great gate of the churchyard together.

It was now nearly eight o'clock, and the landlord stood in the doorway of the inn, yawning and stretching his arms, and exchanging morning salutations with the passers by, for by this time the whole neighbourhood was getting wide awake. But when he saw Joe, with his white face and shrunken form, sauntering across the street with his collar turned up and his hands in his pockets, he cried out:

"Hello! what's up 'at thae'rt here so soon this mornin', Joe?"

"Ston' eawt!" replied Joe. "Ston' eawt, an' let's come in. I want to warm me."

"Ay; go thy ways into th' kitchen," said the landlord, "for thae'rt i' poor fettle, owd lad. What's to do?"

"I've had a bad neet," replied Joe.

"I think thae mun have," said the landlord; "for by th' mon thae looks ill! Hasto had summat 'at didn't agree wi' tho?"

"I have *that*!" replied Joe.

"What wur it?" inquired the landlord.

"It wur my lodgin's, owd lad!" cried Joe; "it wur my lodgin's!"

"Why, wheer hasto bin?" said the landlord.

"I've been in a grave o' neet!" replied Joe, jerking his thumb in the direction of the churchyard.

"Why, whatever hasto bin doin' theer!" said the landlord.

"I've bin wantin' to get eawt again—o th' time," replied Joe, looking over his shoulder as he sat at the fire.

"Here, come," said the landlord, drawing his chair up, "let's yer o' abeawt it."

"Gi's howd of a saup (sup) o' summat warm, an' then," replied Joe.

And when Joe had got something comfortable to drink he set to, and told the whole story, to the great amusement of the landlord and his wife.

"Come," said the landlady, laughing, "thae'll happen try to get whoam i' daycent time another neet. It would ha' sarv't yo' reet if yo'd every one fo'n (fallen) into th' hole together."

"Well, 't would ha' bin a bit o' company," replied Joe, "But I've had th' hole to mysel', Betty, wi' sond for a bed, an' th' sky for a blanket."

"Well, come an' get a bit of breakfast into tho," said she, "for thae looks perish't (perished). An' then hie thi ways whoam. I'm sure yo'r folk 'll be seechin' tho."

And when Joe had finished his breakfast, he was glad enough to creep along the back streets homewards, and then to bed. And ever after that night, when he had to walk home in the dark, he took especial care, as he said, to "pike (pick) a road that had no holes in it."

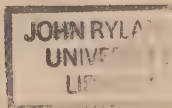
THE BUTCHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY W. GASKELL.

ABOVE aw things i' this world, I think I shall never forget th' fust time 'ot I fell i' love, it wur such a queer sort of o matter. It wur wi' o butcher's dowter. Aw went into th' shop, un' hoo wur cuttin' o pewnd o' beef steaks, un' aw never seed onybody cut loike her i' o my loife, hoo'd such a flourish wi' t' knife, somehow; but hoo cut um, un' hoo cut me o pewnd, un' when I geet whoam I fun I had 'em, but whether I paid for 'em or not, I never know'd to this day. However, i' th' morning, lung enough ofore breakfast t me I went off for another pewnd, thinkin' I should see her again; but hoo wur not in, her sister wur, un' very near oz handsome, but not quite, that wur impossible. I said, is your tother sister anywhere about? Un, hoo said, did yo want to see hur? I said, if I don't see hur, un' very soon too, it's a done job wi' me, ot ony rate. * Well, hoo said, she'll be glád to see you, no doubt; perhaps, sir, you'll come and take a cup of tea with us this afternoon? I will, un'

thank you too, I said. Well, my father's goin' from home, and we shall be very glad to see you. Well, I said, you know what good manners are, un' I shall be sure to come. I wish I'd known you sooner. I went my way, but I'd forgotten t' ax hur what time I should come; un' when it geet hoff-past two o'clock I fun' I could howd out no longer. So I went, un' knocked at th' door, un' somebody said, come in, young man. I wur comin', thank you, but I knock'd for t' show my manners. This same young woman said, take a chair. Well, I said, I'll sit me down on one, ot ony rate. if I don't tack it. Betty, hoo said, this is the young man (her name wur Betty Brimstone). So I screwed mysel' very prattily on to one corner o' this chair, for I believe it's not good manners for t' flop down aw at once; but then, loike most young folks ut' goes a courtin' th' fust toime, I wur terreblely hobbled for t' find summat to say. So I cough'd two or three times, un' then I said it's been very wet weather sin' we'n had so much rain. Un' they said, they supposed it had. I said, I've yeard that they'n some thowts o' tackin' th' corn bill off snuff. Well, they said, that will be o good job for poor folk, ot ony rate. So, in a bit they begun un' they geet tea ready, un' said, now draw up and reach to, young man. But I wur o bit bothered, for I geet fixed reet opposite this young woman, un' I could neither think nor look ot my tea. Reach some bread and butter, said one; but I still looked at this lass, un' instead o' gettin' bread un' butter, I popt my fingers into th' cream jug, un' givin' my hont o bit of a shake, I knocked th' sugar pot off th' table; I stirred my tea wi' t' sugar tongs, un' instead o' drinkin' out o' my cup and saucer, I slapt howd o' th' tea-pot, un' drunk out o' th' spout; I scawded mysel' obove o bit. There was o bonny tow-row, but I made os good an apology os I could, un' wur gettin' on very nicely, when we yeard o rap ot door, un' th' dog barked. My goodness, says one, yon's my feyther! Well, I said, un' wot o' that. They said, he'll kill us! Well, I said, un' me, too, you'n not brought me here o bein kilt, surely? Get you out o' th' back door, said one. Where does it go to, said I. Into th' slaughter-house, said they. Un' wi' that they took un' shoved me wi' my face ogain o new-dressed sheep! Oh, dear! In a bit, I went un' pept through th' window, un' there wur th' owd butcher, comed whoam quite fuddled. He

seed my hat on th' chair. Hoo's hat's that? (*hic*) he said. Oh, feyther, that's nobody's. It's a lie, that is! un' there's a yead, too, somewhere, un' I'll cut it off. Wi' that he took down o' knife, o' steel, un' o' cleaver, un' he put on o' clean apron, just os if he wur goin' t' have o' whole day ot killin'. Well, out o' th' back door he comes—I geet into o' corner—where is he? he said, I'll do his job for him—a raskel! he's come o' robbin', I reckon. Nay, mester, I said, don't touch me, I'm an innocent lad, un' if I've done out omis, it's love ot's brought me to it. Oh! thou'rt there, are to? Just come here, un' I'll chop thy yead off! Nay, I said, mester, don't do nowt o' th' sort; I never had it cut off i' my life. Oh, nonsense, mon, lay down thy yead, thou'll know nowt about it i' th' mornin'. Oh, I know better, it would hurt me. Nowt ot sort, mon, thou'll never feel it. Oh, nay, I said, don't, my mother would go on rarely if I wur to go whoam without yead. Come, don't be o' foo', lay down thy yead, thou'll never feel it. Wi' that, he begun to follow me round t' slower-house, to gi' me o' blow, when one o' th' lasses geet owd o' th' ax, un' down he went ov his back—I slipt into th' house un' geet my hat; one o' th' wenches followed me un' said, now, young man, you can just slip upstairs a while, my father will be goin' out again, directly. Oh, he'll be goin' soon, will he? Well, I said, if he be goin' soon, I'm goin' now, thank you! un' off I took as hard as ever I could—it wur six mile to our house, un' I never turned my yead till I geet there; un' I've never been o' courtin' sin', un' when I do again, it'll not be a butcher's dowter, where they cut off folk's yeads without feeling, I know it'll not.



Catalogue OF RECITATIONS, AND READINGS

PUBLISHED BY

Abel Heywood & Son Ltd.,
47 to 61 LEVER STREET, MANCHESTER.

A Complete Catalogue of Dramatic Pieces Free of Fees will be sent on receipt of a Postage Stamp.

Blackburn's Popular Recitations. Original and Selected.

Price 1/-, by Post, 1/2.

The Child's Way to Heaven	The Poor Man and the Friend	Have Faith and Struggle on
The Tear Wiped Away	The Noblest Men	Churchyard Style
Come, Patrick, Come	Sons of Old Merry England	Miller of the Dee
It may be Happy Yet	Oh! Tempt me no More	Oh! when wilt thou Return
The Maniac	The Publican's Net	The Press
The Mother's Lament	The Blind Man's Thanks-	God is everywhere
A Mother's Love	giving	Man of Toil
The Prodigal	The Uncle, a Mystery	The Gin Fiend
The Reformed Drunkard's	The Man I Love	The Contrast
Appeal	Mary, the Maid of the Inn	A Paternal Ode to my Son
The Ruined Cottage	The Skylark	Ships of England
There's a Spirit in Man	Wild Flowers	Field of Waterloo
Poor Little Jim, the Collier's	The Crusader's Return; or,	Gin Palace and its Victims
Lad	the Lost One Restored	True Nobility
Away from the Revel	The Sailor Boy's Dream	The Bottle
Food for the Mind	Little at First, but Mighty	Angels of Temperance
The Chancellor's Plan to	at Last	My Beautiful—My Wife
Soberize the Nation	Eugene Aram's Dream	The Wife to Her Husband
The Renovation of Man	The Falling Leaves	Well of St. Keyne
The Stamp of God	The Gambler's Wife	Arab's Farewell to his Horse
Speak kindly to the Fallen	Tempt me not from my own	No Good Effort Vain
The Father's Chair	Fireside	Cheer up
England's Freedom	The Mysterious Hand; or,	One-legged Goose
Humanity	the Power of a Mother's	Take the World as it is
Scorn not the Vilest	Love	Rejoice with the Rejoicing

Comic Dialogues. Price 1/-, by post, 1/2

The Widow's Mistake 1 m	The Disgusted Dutchman.	The Scandal Monger. 2 m 2 f
2 f	3 m	A Matrimonial Tiff. 1 m 2 f
Decidedly cool. 2 m 1 f	Another Arrangement	Munchausen Outdone. 3 m
16,000 Years Ago (Nigger	(Yankee). 2 m 2 f	The Valentine. 2 m
characters).	Drawing the Long Bow. 3	A Shocking Mistake.
The Fox and the Ranger	m 1 f	
(Irish). 2 m	The Unwilling Witness. 2 m	
The Sick Man. 2 m	Will you advertise. 3 m	

Wide-World Reciter. Price 1/-, by Post, 1/2.

The Razor Seller
The Wreck of the Hesperus
Orange and Green
Napoleon's Midnight Review
John Littlejohn
The Gin Fiend
The Gambler's Wife
Casablanca
Jeremy Briggs
The Death of Marmion
The Field of Waterloo
The Village Blacksmith
The King of Denmark's Ride
The Arab
Paddy Haggerty's Leather
Breeches
The Sailor's Lassie
The Post and the Rose (gale)
The Latist and the Nightin-
The Convict Ship
The Private Still
The Ruined Cottage
The Miniature
The Little Vulgar Boy
About Ben Adhem (woman)
The Post and the Washer-
The Whistler
The Precise Tailor
The Cold-water Man
The Psalm of Life
About Husbands
The Three Fishers
Speak Gently

Hurrah! hurrah! for Eng-
land!
The Good Time Come
A Walk in a Churchyard
The Wealthy Squire
The Grey Mare
The Teetotaller
The Ships, the Ships of
England
Ring the Bell
Napoleon and the Sailor
The Bumpkin's Courtship
Battle of Blenheim
The Bells
Clarence's Dream
The Little Sweep
Sharp Practice
The Soldier's Dream
Look up!
How to choose a Wife
Wolsey and Cromwell
Mudfog Association for the
Advancement of Every-
thing
The Evening Newsboy
Tell on his native mountains
A dispute between men of
Honour
The Dream of Eugene Aram
The Lucky Horseshoe
Patient Mercy Jones
The Magdalen
The Showman's Speech

Temptations of St. Anthony
Lochiel's Warning
Ode to an Infant Son
The Country Justice
The Duel [High Seas
Sentence of Death on the
Sheriden's Ride
Bill Gibbon's Deliverance
The Japanese Lovers
The Jolly Fat Friar
Terrible Snow
Marston Moor
The Dying Hebrew
The Three Cherry Stones
The Battle of "Bothwell
Little Jim [Brig"
A Trapper's Story
The Atheist and Acorn
Death of King John
The Well of St. Keyne
The Parson and the Spaniel
The Demon Snip
Mary the Maid of the Inn
The Execution
The Pilgrim and the Peas
Legend of Walbach Tower
The Prophecy
The Clown's Baby
The Execution of Montrose
Call to the Conflict
Vicissitudes
All's Well that Ends Well
Beth Gelert

Modern Reciter. Price 1/-, by post 1/2.

An Oriental Legend
The Odahsk's Song
Popping the Question
Praying for Rain
Arnold Wink-ried
Barbara Fritschie
The Bells of Shandon
Betty and the Bear
Betty Lee
The Case Altered
The Collegian and the Porter
Custer's Last Charge
Darius Green and his Flying
Machine
Dow's Flat, 1856
Dead in the Street

Economy
The Farmer's Blunder
The Fate of Virginia
The Fire Fiend
The Foxe's Tails
The Heathen Chinese
The Raven
Romeo and Juliet (altered)
Sir John Franklin
The Smack in School
How we Hunted a Mouse
I wouldn't, Would you?
John and Tibbie's Dispute
The Leak in the Dyke
Leaving the Homestead
The Little Hero

A London Bee Story
The Main Truck, or a Leap
for Life
Mark Twain's Great Beef
Contract
Married to a Giantess
The Minstrel's Curse
Mr. Bottle's Economy
A Night's Adventure
Nongotongpaw
Old Ironsides
The Old Soldier's Story
The Soul's Tenure
The Spanish Armada
Story of a New Hat
A Telegraphic Conversation

Acting Charades and Parlour Plays,
Recitations, &c. Price 1/-, by post 1/2.

Spendthrift—Charade
Calico Ball—Sketch
Real Legend of Lord Lovel—
Recitation
Courtship—Dumb Charade
Quack Doctor, Up to Date—
Recitation
Strange Rehearsal—Dialogue

The Collier's Bairn—Recita-
tion
Lord Lovel and Nancy Bell—
Extravaganza
Blunderbus—Dumb Charade
Two Nights of Terror—Recit.
Britannia's Tea Party—
Musical Sketch

Musical Interludes,

Mallow Wreath—Recitation
Passport—Dumb Charade
Sleeping Draught—Farce
Ringlet—Dumb Charade
Matters in General—Stump
Speech
Seven Ages of Man—Sketch
Nightgown—Charade
Smuggler and Tar—Sketch

The Nigger Cornorman, His Book Riddles, Jokes, Sidesplitters, &c

Price 1/- by post 1/2

After-pieces, Farces, &c.	The Human Harmonican	Stump Speech on Soap
Stump speech on Anything	Laughing Gas, farce	Stump Speech on Seven
Automatic Justice, farce	A Lively Auction	Ages of Smiling
Stump Speech on Children	Stump Speech on Lovers	Stump Speeches
A Christy Minstrel Night-mare	Stump Speech on Men	Taking the Chairs
The Co'se-i-can Brothers	Miscellaneous Jokes, &c.	Stump Speeches on This and
Crackers	Music and Mischief	That and the Other
The Discovered Cord	The Mysterious Minstrels	The Tramps' Holiday, farce
First Part Finales	Nigger Dialect Jokes, &c.	Stump Speech on Umbrellas
A Glee Party Afloat	Oh, Hush Thee, my Big Baby	The Unwilling Chairmen
Harmony and Custody	Plain English, farce	Stump Speech on Women
Harmony and Hypnotism	Rather Stout, farce	Ye Terrificke Combatt of
	Second Part Sketches	ye Chairvalliers

Comic Recitations and Readings. Price 1/-, by post 1/2.

Artemus Ward Crossing	The Hypochondriac	Misunderstood
Dixie's Line	Here she goes, there she goes	Mrs. Dove's Boarding
Battle of Limerick	His Eye was Stern and Wild	House
Bear Story, Venny Raynor's	The Housekeeper's Soliloquy	My Lord Tomnoddy; or,
The Cat Biter	I Vant to Ry	the Execution
Clerical Wit	The Jackdaw of Rheims	My Aunt
The Condemned Jester	The Jew and the Jewels	My Watch
The Courtship of Timothy	Jim Wolfe and the Cats	Paddy the Piper
Horn	The Jumping Frog	The Parson and the Widow
Daniel versus Dishclout	The Lawyer's Stratagem	Pat and the Pig
Dennis's Pledge	Look at the Clock	Pat's Letter
The Farmer and the Coun-	The Grindstone	Phoebe Brown
seller	Yorkshire Angling	Quaker and the Robber, The
The Fox and the Ranger	The Doctor & his Appren-	Removal, The
The Frenchman and the Rats	tice	The Rival Drummers
The Frenchman and the	Some Verses on Snail	A Sailor's Yarn
Sheep's Trotters	Paddy Blake's Echo	The Three Black Crows
The Gouty Merchant and	An Old Bachelor	Vat you please
the Stranger	The Owl Critic	The Wonderful One Hoss
Helps to read: or, "Spec-	Miss Maloney at the Dentist's	Shay
tacles"		

The Merry and Wise Reciter. Price 1/-, by post 1/2.

Mrs. Jones's Pirate	Grace Darling	Sea Dirge, A
Our Village	Puns	Annie and Willie's Prayer
What is a Woman Like?	Easy Wife, The	Break, Break, Break!
Ring Out, Wild Bells	Dandy Fifth, The	Irish Coquetry
Old Scottish Cavalier, The	The King of Coleraine	Song of Steam, The
Steer, Father, Straight to	Mr. Pecksniff	Old Chums
Me	Bit of Gossip, A	Skates and Life
To J. H.	Robin Goodfellow	Street-corner Orator on
My Old Clay Pipe	Frozen to Death	Socialism, The
I Remember	Up-hill	Frost, The
Teaching Him the Business	Quaker's Meeting, The	Brook, The
In the Police Court	Pickens of the Potomac, The	Old Man in the Wood, The
Merry Heart, The	Under the Snow	Let Me Rest
Sailor's Constellation, The	Welsh Classic, A	Somebody's Mother
If we had but known	Charade, A	First White Tress, The
Division of Labour	Best Sewing-Machine, The	Countryman and his Ass
New Church Organ, The	The Original Love Story, An	Thm
Lieutenant Luff	Sailor's Wife, The	Come with the Ring
Henry IV.'s Soliloquy on	Inchcape Rock, The	Don't Shut Your Door
Glees	Mrs. Brown's Husbands	

Samples of Lancashire Prose & Verse. Price 1/-, by Post 1/2.

Ale versus Physic, Ridings
 Aw'll Never Be Fuddled
 Again, Uncle Owdem
 Bowton's Yard, Samuel Lay
 cock
 The Butcher's Dowter
 The Chap at Wanted to
 Manage th' Heause
 Cheap John, Felix Folio
 Courtin' Gradeley, Tom Ker-
 shaw
 Come Whoam to thi Childer
 an' Me, Edwin Waugh
 Conger Story, Edwin
 Waugh
 A Cot o' Yo'r Own
 The Countryman's Descrip-
 tion of the Collegiate
 Church, A. Wilson
 The Dule upo' Dun, J.
 Barnes
 Dust to Dust
 Eawr Jack
 Eawr Ralph, Uncle Owdem

Go, Tak thi Ragged Childer
 an' Flit, Ben Brierley
 How "Owd Thatcher"
 turned Horse Dealer, J.
 Barnes [Waugh
 The Irish Fishwife, Edwin
 Isaac an' Jenny, "A Wife's
 First Lesson," Tom
 Kershaw
 Joe's Adventure in a Grave,
 E. Waugh
 Th' Lancashire Barber i'
 Lunnun, J. Barnes
 Little Dick, Uncle Owdem
 A Milsho Company, Staton
 Th' Owd Beggar an' His
 Dog, H. Gannon
 Owd Times, Uncle Owdem
 Puzzled, J. Barnes
 Rosy Ned, J. Barnes
 Sam Bamford's Grave, G.
 Richardson
 Seein' Double
 Sellin' th' Goose, H. Gannon

A Slate Off, J. Barnes
 A Tale Abeawt Mi Uncle
 Jammie, Uncle Owdem
 A Tale of a Felly aw Know,
 R. Pollitt
 The Load from off My Mind
 is Ta'en, Uncle Owdem
 Thae'rt Come Whoam Fud-
 dled Again, U'le Owdem
 The Nomination; or, A
 Striking Story, Waugh
 The Swallowed Sixpence
 Edwin Waugh
 A Toffy and Cheese Story, J.
 Barnes
 Th' Toothwertch, Staton
 Two or Three Last Words
 We Couldno' Stond it Neaw,
 J. Barnes
 Welcome, Bonny Brid, S.
 Laycock
 When Yo' Get Yore Nose
 Shoved Bawt, T. Ashton
 Willy's Grave, E. Waugh

Lancashire Dialect, Poems, Sketches, & Stories. Price 1/-, post 1/2.

Ab-o'th'-Yate Insures His
 Life
 'Atin' a Bootjack (Ben
 Brierley)
 Aw'm Lonely, an' Weary,
 an' Sad (Jos. Cronshaw)
 Aw Winno' Stir To-neet
 (Joseph Cronshaw)
 Barrel Organ, Th' (Edwin
 Waugh)
 Deceived (Mrs. G. Linnæus
 Banks)
 Do a Good Turn When You
 Can (Charles Swain)
 Domestic Felicities (W. H.
 Jenkins)
 Dule's i' this Bonnet o
 Mine, The (Edwin
 Waugh)
 Eawr Bessy (Richard R.
 Bealey)
 Eawr Folk (Edwin Waugh)
 Eawr Lads are Comin'
 Whoam (Jos. Cronshaw)
 Feight Fair (Saml. Laycock)

God Bless these Poor Wim-
 men that's Childer!
 (Thomas Brierley)
 Heaw Bobby Smut Cured
 His Wife's Shockin'
 Bad Temper
 (J. T. Staton)
 Heaw Quare is this Loife!
 (Thomas Brierley)
 I'll Tell My Mother (J. B.
 Rogerson)
 John Dow on Luck (J. T.
 Staton)
 Lancashire Miller, The
 Lancashire Witch, The
 (John Scholes)
 Lecture by Mrs. Caustic
 (J. T. Staton)
 Mi Looms and Mi Love
 (W. H. Jenkins)
 Mrs. Shuttle Worsted (J. T.
 Staton)
 My Johnny (R. R. Bealey)
 My Owd Stockin'-mender
 (W. H. Jenkins)

Ode to the Sun (Samuel
 Laycock)
 Owd Robin's Recollections
 o' Kesmas (M. R. Lahee)
 Poor Chap's Sung to His
 Wolfe (Anon)
 Sweetheart Gate, The
 (Edwin Waugh)
 There's No Chap Should
 Ever Lose Pluck (Richd.
 R. Bealey)
 Two Kesmas Days (Tom
 Kershaw)
 "Waitin' Here" (Joseph
 Cronshaw)
 Wayer o' Wellbrook, The
 (Ben Brierley)
 We Want Yon Lads
 Awhoam (Jos. Cronshaw)
 Whoos's a Gradelly Mon?
 (W. H. Jenkins)
 William and the Robber
 (Jone o' Jeffries)
 Win'try Neet, A (Mark
 Johnson)
 Young Jammy (R. Taylor)

Irish Recitations and Readings. Price 1/-, by post, 1/2.

The Battle of Fontenoy
 Biddy's Trials amongst the
 Yankees
 A Bit of Gossip
 Death of King Connor Mac
 Nessa
 Dennis's Pledge
 Dermot's Parting
 The Donkey
 Father Molloy
 Father Roach
 Irish Astronomy
 Irish Coquetry
 Irish Freize
 The Irish Philosopher
 The Irish Schoolmaster
 Irishman's Panorama

The Irishwoman's Letter
 Kitty Malone
 King O'Toole and St. Kevin
 Larry O'Dee
 Legend of Glendalough
 Love in the Kitchen
 Make it Four, your Honour
 Matrimonial Adventures of
 Dick Macnamara
 Miss Maloney at the Den-
 tist's
 Mr. O'Hoolahan's Mistake
 Nora Murphy and the
 Spirits
 O'Connor's Wake
 O'Murtough
 Paddy Blake's Echo

Paddy's Courtship
 Paddy's Version of "Er-
 celsior"
 Pat and the Gridiron
 Pat and the Pig
 Pat's Correspondence
 Pat's Letter
 Patrick's Colt
 Phadrig Orohoore
 The Pillar Towers of Ireland
 St. Patrick and the Serpent
 Shamus O'Brien
 Tom Connor's Cat
 The Wake of Tim O'Hara
 What Biddy said in the
 Police Court
 Why Biddy and Pat Married

The Temperance Handbook and Entertainer. Price 1/-, by post 1/2

A Few Personal Hints on Platform Deportment
Biblical References and Quotations
Philosophical and Clerical Utterances
Dean Farrar's Appeal
The Rev. Canon Wilberforce on "The Need for Temperance Reform"

The late Rev. Thos. Guthrie, D.D., on "Rescuing the Perishing"
The late Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D.
The late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon
Medical Opinions and Assertions
A Few Words for Women
An Appeal to Women—Old and Young.
By the late Rev. Dr. Nott, D.D., LL.D.

An Inaugural Recitation
A Teetotal Difference
The Bird's Song
The Lifeboat
Away with the Wine
A Band of Hope Prayer
Work and Wishes

RECITATIONS AND LYRICS

A Water Drinker's Rhapsody
Sign To-night
Awake! Awake! and Join
our Ranks
A Glass of Cold Water
Is that Fair (Original)
Over the Left (Original)

The Christian's Call to
Raise the Fallen
The Old White Horse; or
the Force of Habit
King Gin
My Members (Original)
What is a Drunkard

The Teetotal Ship
Lift up the Standard
The Temperance Tree
The Temperance Man
Streams of Pure Water
The English Fairies
King Alcohol
In the Ways of True Temperance
Anti-Sherry
Arise! Arise! to Save!
The Temperance Choristers
Thanksgiving Hymn

TEMPERANCE SONGS AND CHORUSES.

Up! Be Doing!
A Faithful Apprentice
The Templar's Aim
Ada's Decision
Real Crusade Work
What Must We Drink? By John
Wallace, jun.
How a Child Led His Father. By John
Wallace, jun.
The Band of Hope Queen: A Temperance
Cantata for a Large Number of Children.
By John Wallace, jun.

Recitations by F. V. ST. CLAIR. Price 1/-, by post 1/2.

A Hero's Crime
To the Pure all Things are Pure
No British Need Apply
Poor Old Carter Bill
Young Williams (A Tale of the Cold
Crimes)
How Barry Won the "Cross" (A Tale of
the Royal Irish)
Recitation on "Fighting Mac"
Remember the Volunteers
Help the Heathens First
The Draper's Assistant
Try to Forget and Forgive
Men of the Light Brigade
The False Friendship
A Sailor's Story
A Tale of the 21st
Humorous Recitation
The Flooded Mine
The Great White Queen
Only a Shamrock
Only a "Flannelled Fool"
The Coster's Moke
With a Name Like That
Foreman Riley, Hero of the Cadder Mine
The Old Veteran
Brought to Justice
Only a Labouring Man
McGilligan's Cheese
Relief of Mafeking
Magersfontein
Sally's Lovers
The Loss of the Titanic
The Jockey's Story
Mister Thomas Atkins
Only a Boy
Billy's Letter to the Queen
Coals Have Risen Again
Since Johnny Joined the Force

Heroes of the South Pole
The Blind Coon and His Boy
Died Like a Soldier's Son
In Memory of Captain Scott
The Oak of Fidelbane
The Olympic Games
The Ragged Vest
How Jack Jones Won the Great V.C.
Recital—"Our Concert"
Down in the Mine where the Sunbeams
never Shine
There's a Scotchman There
The Auctioneer
The Wayward Daughter's Return.
Not Burglars After All
Comic Recitation—"The Poultrice"
The Loss of the Lifeboat
Convict Bill's Return
The Loss of the "Culmore." Bravery of
Hull Fishermen
The Old Clown's Birthday
Deeds, not Words, Are Proof of True
Devotion
The Millionaire
Proverbs
Larrigan's Dog
Doctor Thingamy Bob
The Loss of H.M.S. "Victoria"
A Plea for Music Halls
The Coster's Story
The Deserter
Minnie Murrell
Jack's Valentine
One Christmas Eve
The Meaning of the Honours Sailors Wear
The Wreck of the "Birkenhead"
Tim
The Sweating System

Ever-Ready Recitations of Wit and Humour. Price 1/-, by post 1/2.

A Lay of Real Life
An Irish Letter
A Romance in Verse
Bald-Headed Man, The
Bashful Man, The
Bold Dragon, The
Bullum *versus* Boatum
Caudle Has Been Made a
Mason
Chameleon, The
Confession, The
Countryman's Description
of the Collegiate Church
Der Baby
Desolate Husband, The
Doctor's Fright, The
Etiquette
Farmer's Wife and the
Gascon, The
False Logic
Frenchman and the Rats,

Fakenham Ghost, The
Hands *versus* Heads
"If Things Was Only Sich"
John Day
Josh Billings on Courting
Jud Brownin's Account of
Rubinstein's Playing
Knights; or, Both Right
and Both Wrong, The
Lapsus Linguae
Latter-Day Warnings
Little Vulgar Boy, The
Lord Tomnoddy
Magic Lay of the One-
Horse Chay, The
Melting Moments
Miniature, The
Modern Justice, The
Mr. Murphy's Will
My Uncle
Nose and Eyes
One-Legged Goose, The

Owl Critic, The
Paddy's Excelsior
Painter That Pleased No-
body and Everybody, The
"Please to Ring the Bell"
Praying for Rain
Private Still, The
Retort, The
Sally Salter
Sir Peter and Lady Teazle
Speculation; or, A New
Way of Saving a Thou-
sand Pounds
Stammerers The
Take It; or, The Yorkshire-
man and the Jeweller
Yorkshire Angling
Yorkshireman and His
Family, The
Yorkshire Humphrey; or
Two Heads Better Than
One

Band of Hope Entertainer. Dialogues and Recitations. Edited by
JOHN WALLACE, Jun. Price 1/-, by post 1/2

Christmas Goose
Band of Hope Waxwork
Band of Hope Alphabet
Bread or Beer—Dialogue
Cannot Understand
The Two Barrels
Drink and Credit
Downfall of King Drink
Fairy Play
Come and have a Drink
His Own Fault—Dialogue
A Corn Song
Maggie's Temperance
Home
Overcome Evil with Good
The Heart of a Templar

What Rhymes with Drink?
The Band of Hope Brigade
The Poor man and the Fiend
Your Good Health
That's Why I Signed the
Pledge
Little Granny—Monologue
The Key to Thomas's Heart
The Pawnbroker's Shop
Indigestion
The Band of Hope Bellman—
Monologue
Over the Hill from the Poor-
house
The Publican's Net
Teetotal Transformation
Scenes

A Total Abstinence Preferred
The Drunken Man
Who is Happiest?—Dialogue
The Worm
The Drunkard's Return
The Band of Hope Examina-
tion—A dialogue
The Last Spree
True Manliness—Dialogue
The Drunkard
Why Girls should be Teetotal
—Dialogue
The False God
Wine

Stump Speeches and Nigger Jokes. Price 1/-, by post 1/2

On Different Subjects
Brudder Gardener on Music
The Missing Chicken
Deborah Doolittle on
Women's Rights
On Facis in Natural History
On Law
A Scream from the American
Eagle
On Apples
Racy Stump Speech
The Wilkins Family
Hezekiah Stubbin's Oration
Brudder Plato Johnson's
Sermon
The Saratoga Waiter, Dia-
logue for 2

A Coloured Preacher's Re-
ligious Experience
Curing a Cold
Counsel to the Newly Mar-
ried
Putting up Stoves
Th- Debating Society
Appeal to a Jury
On Old Mother Hubbard
On Things in General
How I got invited to Dinner
Fourth of July Oration
Old Sambo Puzzled
The Darkey Bootblack
On Prosperity
The Darkey Photographer,
Burlesque, 3 character

On the Sun and Moon
Ain't I Right
On the Atlantic Cable
On Locomotion
All about Smith
A Sermon
On Soap Fat
On Women
Our Boys
That Frozen Pipe
The Wigglesworths
Parson Nicholas
6,000 Years Ago, Burlesque
3 characters
etc., etc.

Niggerosities: Speeches, Farces, Finales, Business, &c. Price 1/- by post 1/2.

MISCELLANEOUS JOKES.

Bones' Match-making Conundrum
Old Chums
Bones' Smiles
The Corner-men's Competition
The Banjo Case
Why Mr. Johnson Changed Colour
Does Politeness Pay
Bones Breaks up the Word "Break"
Giving the Singers a Chance

FIRST PART FINALES.

Harmony and Robbery
The Extinguished Singers
The Minstrels' Musical Chairs
Guy Fawkes
A Musical Muddle
The Vanished Chorus

STUMP SPEECHES.

On Science
On a Nigger Minstrel Show
A Few (and Far Between) Remarks
"Boys will be Boys" (for a Boy Member)

On the Honest Working Man

A FARCICAL PUZZLE,
entitled:—

"The Same One; or, The Twin Tomkinsons"

GRAND BURLESQUE NIGGER PANTOMIME.

The Babes in the Wood

BLACK AND WHITE JOKES,
&c.

Why Ladies and Gentlemen Look in Glasses

Male and Female Curiosity
The Longest and Strongest Single Word
The Queen's Drawing Room
A "Grate" Woman
Alaska

FIRST PART FINALES.

Taking Partners
"Whisper and I Shall Hear"
Living Draughts

STUMP SPEECHES.

On Biking
On Learned Women
On Manly Women (for Male Member)

SCREAMING FARCE.

Fun in a Registry Office

FIRST PART JOKES,

Original Recitations and Readings in Prose and Verse, Narrative, Humorous and Pathetic. By JOHN WALLACE, Jurr. Price 1/-, Post 1/2

Meeting Father
Shopmates
Familiar Faces
What Going a-Shopping is Coming to
Just Look it in the Face
The Amateur
What Time is it?
Diddleham's Daughters
The Agnostic
My Twins
About Bigmann's Ball
The Little Shop
Music
Peculiar Faces
In a Occa-Room
Home!
Black Charley
Talking Through the Telephone

Hours of Rising
Light
A Really Original Story
The Gold Fish and the Pussy Cat
A Blade of Grass
Him an' Her
Happiness
Our Amateur Dramatic Entertainment
Two Brothers
They Didn't Do So in My Time or, The Old Man's Meditations
I never *did* see such a Child
What a Rent Collector sees
Out of Work
The Society Paper
We'd never been introduced Out of Friends

Fathers and Sons
Trying to be Good
A Dose of Horrors
Our by-the-way Station Lost
My Mate
My Maiden Aunt
The Old Piano
My Saintly Son
Every Inch a Man
Just Because
A Curious Case smiles
Going a-Courting
Daily Scenes at a Stage Door
That's Quite Enough for Me

FREE ON APPLICATION.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF

Dramas, Dialogues, Duologues, Monologues, Operettas,
Children's Plays, &c.

ALSO,

Catalogue of Costumes, Wigs, and other requisites for Amateurs.

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON LTD., 47 TO 61 LEVER ST., MANCHESTER.

Price 1/- per volume, by post 1/3

A TREASURY OF READINGS & RECITATIONS FOR THE YOUNG OF ALL AGES.

VOLUME I.—CONTENTS.

Steer, Father, Straight to Me
Eyes and Nose
The Poppy
The Ettrick Shepherd's Dog
The Uncommon Old Man
My First Grief
Father William's Old Age
and Why He Enjoyed It
There's a Good Time
Coming
My Father's at the Helm
The Countryman's Reply to
the Invitation of a Re-
cruiting Sergeant
Paddle Your Own Canoe
Trust in God and Do The
Right
The Grindstone
My Mother
Who Made Them?
The Pebble and The Acorn
The Sunday School
The Snowstorm
The Shoemaker
Hodge and the Vicar
The Fakenham Ghost
Gelert
Never Too Late to Mend
Mercy

The Burial of Sir John
Moore
The Giant
It is not always May
Work
The Wish
All's Well that Ends Well
The Dew-Drop and The
Stream
The Calculation of Life
The Lighthouse
Thou Shalt Not Steal
Autumn
No One Will See Me
How to Cure a Cough
Human Life
Spare The Birds
The Violet
The Cricket and The
Butterfly
Melting Moments
Judge Not
Wild Flowers
The Winter Robin
Be Kind
The Doctor and his
Apprentice
Shelter from the Storm
The Homes of England
The Wasp and The Bee

Duty First
The Sailor Boy's Farewell
to his Mother
The Lost Boy
Come and Go
To My Sister in Heaven
John Tomkins
The Toy of the Giant's
Child
One Good Turn Deserves
Another
Civility Costs Nothing but
Gains Much
Some Verses to Snaix
The Washing-Day
Presence of Mind
Where There's a Will
There's a Way
The Dew-Drop
A Parable
To a Skylark
A Christmas Carol
Ingratitude
The Little Gool-Bird
The First Frost
Wimberry Will
The Cold-Water Boy
The Water-Fowl
The Workmen
The Coming Men

VOLUME II.—CONTENTS.

The Watcher
Little Things
The Slave in the Dismal
Swamp
Bubble-Blowing
Evening Prayer
Work with a Will
Tom Dobson
The Quaker's Meeting
The Wild Gazelle
I Remember
Come, Stand by my Knee
The Hare and The Tortoise
One Niche the Highest
The Inchcape Bell
The Nightingale and The
Glow-Worm
A Fact
The Angel's Whisper
The Spider
Nelly the Conqueror
Yorkshire Angling
The Hare and many Friends
The Grasp of the Dead
The Mariner's Child
Grass
Winter
Bob Rains

To a Mountain Daisy
The First Psalm
The Brewer's Coachman
A "Pat" Reply
The Fisher's Daughter
Don't Kill the Birds
To Whom shall we Give
Thanks?
The Last Poem
Lucy Gray, or Solitude
The Children's Hour
A Mistake of Men
The Golden Mean
A Farewell
King John and the Abbot of
Canterbury
God's Acre
A Boy's Song
The Heritage
Contentment
God Knows
Children
The Changeling
The Wreck of The
"Hesperus"
Speak Gently
The Robin
The Spanish Armada

Danger
Under the Snow
Be Kind
A Wish
Reflections on Life [Morrow
God Provideth for the
Knowledge and Wisdom
Home
Fatherless Fanny
The Rose
Bruce and The Spider
God is Good
The Way to Wealth
The Dying Child
Too Late
Haddon Hall
The Dying Child
The Pet Lamb
Uncle Jack
The Child and The Angels
Music
Dwell in Love
Things in the Bottom
Drawer
The Farmer and The
Counsellor
My Mother's Bible
My Mother Dear

ONE SHILLING (by Post 1/2.)

Recitations, Dialogues, Speeches, &C.

Each Volume of 100 pages collected from the best sources.

Heywood's Comic Dialogues. Adapted for Entertainments of all kinds. In prose and verse.

Heywood's Stump Speeches and Nigger Jokes. For Nigger Minstrel and other Entertainments.

Heywood's Comic Recitations and Readings. Full of amusement. The best collection of humorous readings.

Heywood's Irish Recitations and Readings. From the best Irish authors, both comic and sentimental.

Blackburne's Popular Recitations. A collection of first-class popular recitations and readings for Temperance Meetings, Sunday Schools, and the Fireside.

Heywood's Wide-World Reciter. Selected from the best authors.

Heywood's Samples of Lancashire Prose and Verse. A selection from the most popular Lancashire authors.

Poems and Sketches in th' Lancashire Dialect. A new selection from the most popular authors.

Original Recitations, Domestic and Narrative, in Prose and Verse. By JOHN WALLACE, JUNR.

The Nigger Corner Man. Jokes, hints, farces, stump speeches, etc.

Band of Hope Entertainer. New dialogues, speeches, and recitations.

Old Favourites. Selected from the best authors.

Heywood's Acting Charades and Parlour Plays. An original collection of dumb and other charades and plays.

The Temperance Handbook and Entertainer. Hints and aids for speakers and workers, readings, recitations, lyrics for popular tunes, short speeches, dialogues, cantatas, etc.

Niggerosities. Speeches, farces, finales, business, etc., etc. By JOHN WALLACE, JUNR.

Recitations. By F. VINCENT ST. CLAIR.

Heywood's Ever-Ready Recitations of Wit and Humour.

The Merry and Wise Reciter. A choice selection for reading or recitation.

A Treasury of Readings and Recitations for the Young of all Ages. Vol. 1 and Vol. 2.

How to Form and Conduct a Nigger Minstrel Troupe. Hints to Manager, Musical Director, Secretary, Treasurer, and Interlocutor, Directions to Vocalists and Cornermen, and other important information essential for success.

PRICE 9d. BY POST, 10d.

Printed and Published by ABEL HEYWOOD and SON Ltd.,
47 to 61 LEVER STREET, MANCHESTER.

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON LTD., WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

Price 1/- each. By Post 1/2.

Living Statuary. By O. J. WENDLANDT. How to be successfully produced by amateurs; full and complete instructions as to preparations of the figures, and treatment for the hair, feet, etc. All stage arrangements, assistants required, lighting, and general management. Also a list of thirty selected subjects, each described in detail, with instructions for the making of costumes, properties, etc., and a large number of picture illustrations.

Tableaux Vivants. By O. J. WENDLANDT. How to produce them successfully and economically. Full instructions as to organisation and management. Hints on grouping, posing, expression, make-up, costumes, arrangement of colours, choice of subjects, selection of figures, accommodation, assistants and their duties, etc. Complete working details for all stage arrangements, curtains, frames, lights, painted scenery, constructed backgrounds, and properties of every kind; also information as to the law of infringement of copyright by "Living Pictures." Illustrated.

A Christmas Carol. Adapted as a drama from the Story by Charles Dickens. By JOHN WALLACE, JUNR. *For a large number of male and female characters.* In four scenes, the second scene including a series of "Tableaux."

This dramatic version of Dickens's well-known and beautiful story provides one of the best possible Christmas entertainments.

The Battle of Life. Adapted as a drama, in three parts, from Charles Dickens's story of the same name. By JOHN WALLACE, JUNR. *For six male and six female characters.*

A most interesting and affecting play, in which the mutual affection of two sisters is the main subject of a series of highly dramatic scenes. The piece is enlivened in Dickens's best manner, by the humour of some of the characters.

The Cricket on the Hearth. Dramatised from Charles Dickens's story with that title. By JOHN WALLACE. *For four male and five female characters*

Five Dramatic Monologues, viz.:—Taking Poison (*for male*). The Two Replies (*for male*). Married to Art (*for female*), by JOHN WALLACE, JUNR. A Jealous Wife (*for female*). The Lost Golosh, by Miss LILLIE DAVIS.

Seven Duologues. By EVELYN FLETCHER, author of "Monologues a la mode," etc.
Her Daughter's Suitors (*one male and one female*). A Triumph of Education (*two males*). What Happened? (*two females*). Where there's a Will (*one male and one female*). An Equal Chance (*two males*). Ancient and Modern (*two females*). Mrs. Jawkin's Husband (*one male and one female*).

A Mock Trial by Jury. Action for Libel. Trotter v. Kipper.

For a full court and witnesses.

The action is one of libel. Speeches of Counsel, Judge. Witnesses, etc., are given in and there is abundant opportunity for "gag."

A Mock Trial by Jury. Lovelocks v. Wilder. Action to recover Damages for Slander and Assault and Battery. By G. P. DAVIS.

Evening Parties for Children and Grown-ups, *How to make them Enjoyable.* By Mrs. LAWSON HARKNESS. Comprising: Descriptive Merry Games, Hints on Catering, Management of Guests, and Practical Party-giving Instructions.

NO PERFORMING FEES FOR THIS SERIES.

Printed and Published by ABEL HEYWOOD & SON LTD.
47 to 61 Lever Street, Manchester.

KR-301-112